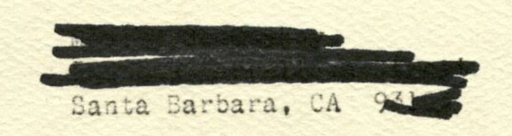
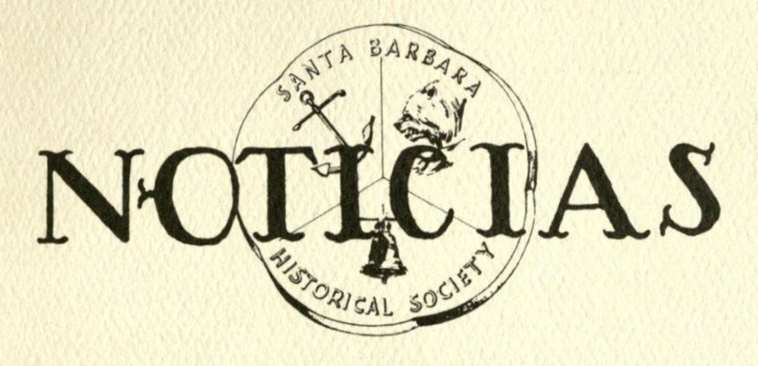
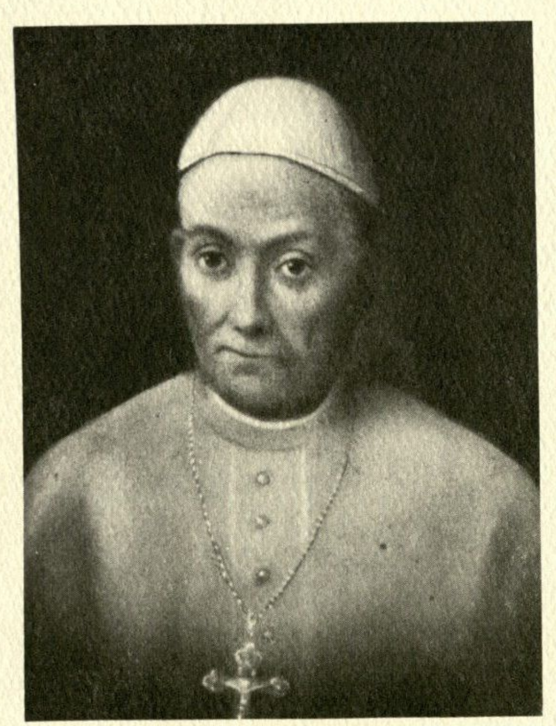
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Fray Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno, O.F.M., Bishop of the Californias (1840-1846).
Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library

Vol. XXXIII No. 4

Winter 1987

An Appreciation

A chapter closes with this issue of *Noticias*, the first in ten years not under the editorship of Stella Haverland Rouse. Since 1977, Stella has documented Santa Barbara's rich history for the membership with an equally rich and varied array of material. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the quarterly during her tenure was the number of letters, diaries, and memoirs that appeared. Stella believed in letting the past speak for itself.

A Goleta native, Stella has long immersed herself in local history. She has edited the daily "100 Years Ago Today . . ." feature in the *Santa Barbara News-Press* since 1952 and this year marks the 25th anniversary of her weekly history column.

At their October meeting, the Board of Trustees of the Historical Society unanimously passed a resolution of appreciation for Stella Rouse's work as *Noticias* editor. I know readers of *Noticias* for the last decade would heartily concur.

Glenn D. Hillebrand, President



FRANCISCO GARCIA DIEGO and SANTA BARBARA MISSION

By Francis J. Weber

Msgr. Weber is archivist for the Archdiocese of Los Angeles and director of the Borromeo Guild, Los Angeles. This paper was delivered at the Santa Barbara Mission on March 8, 1987.

Santa Barbara Mission can rightly be called the "Cradle of Catholicity" for Western Americana, not alone because it was and is the Queen of the Missions, or because it is the architectural gem of *El Camino Real* or even because it has been in continual operation since its establishment in 1786.

Rather, Santa Barbara Mission qualifies for that unique title because the first bishop of California lived there during his brief tenure, because its church was his pro-cathedral and because he is buried in its sanctuary.

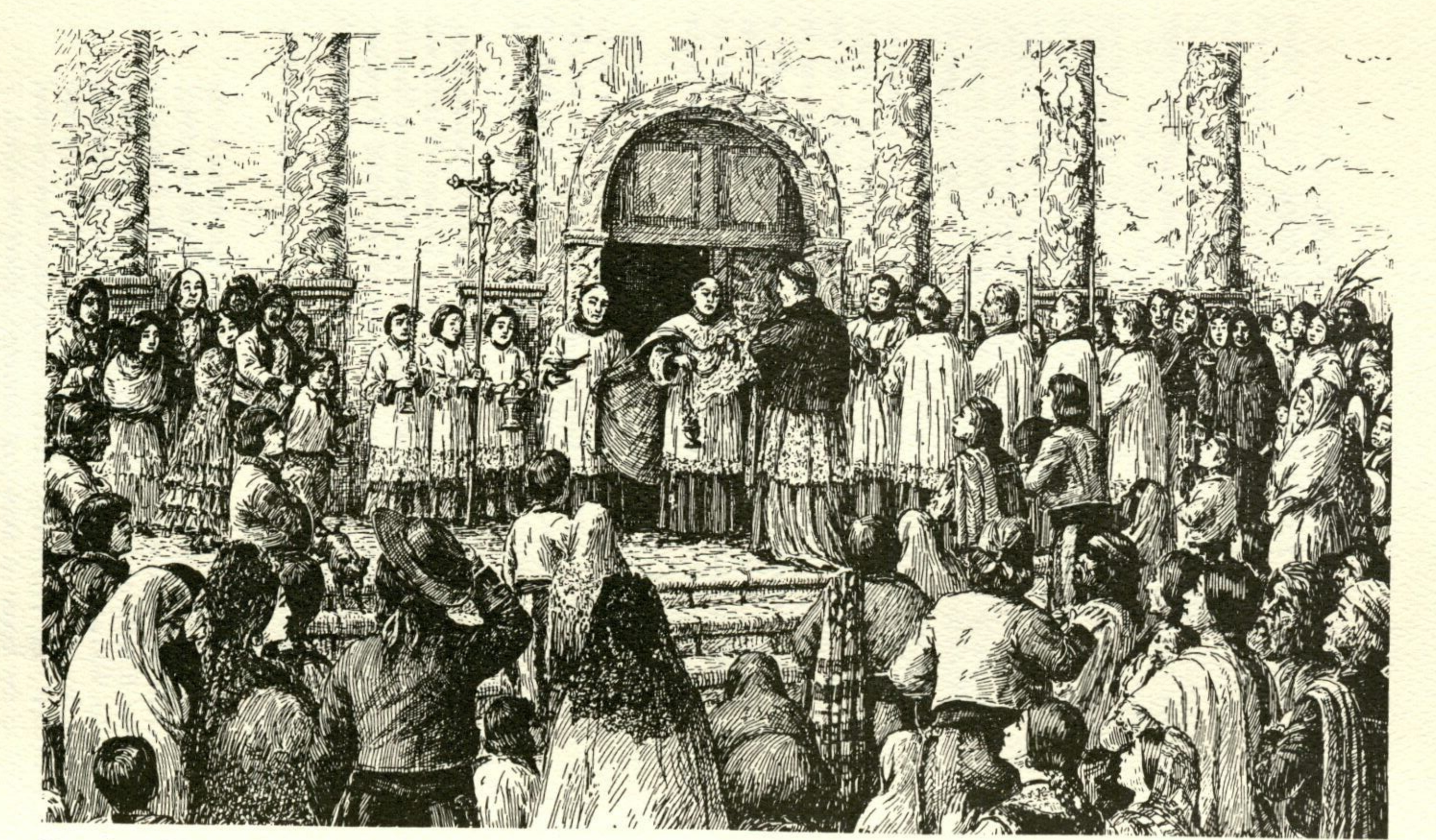
Over the years, Santa Barbara Mission has become known throughout the world for its admittedly pivotal role during the provincial era. I would like to reflect on another, possibly even more important aspect of its service, one related to its being the seat of episcopal government in California during the crucial and formative years, 1842-1846. It's really a sad story, for the time in question was one of sowing, not reaping. What occurred then stands out mostly because it involved the agonizing ordeal of birth pains. Only now, in the late 1980's, can the interested bystander begin to appreciate what transpired in the mid 1840's.

Initially, Francisco Garcia Diego expected to live and die at San Diego, the geographical center of his vast jurisdiction. Indeed, the bulls appointing him *Obispo de Ambas Californias* specified that his see city would be San Diego. However, it didn't take the friar-bishop long to become disenchanted with the area, its 150 inhabitants and the bleak prospects for development.

When a wealthy merchant offered free transportation to Santa Barbara, the bishop readily acquiesced. His arrival there, in January of 1842, was enthusiastically announced by exploding skyrockets and pealing Mission bells. The surviving Indians, many of whom remembered Francisco Garcia Diego from an earlier era, were pleased at the prospect of having a bishop in their midst.

Alfred Robinson happened to be on hand for that happy occasion and he described the scene this way:

> All was bustle; men, women and children hastening to the beach, banners flying, drums beating, and soldiers marching. The whole population of the place turned out to pay homage to the first Bishop of California. At eleven o'clock the vessel anchored. He came on shore, and was welcomed by the kneeling multitude. All received his benediction—all kissed the pontifical ring. The troops, the civic authorities, then escorted him to the house of Don Jose Antonio, where he dined. A



Reception of Bishop Garcia Diego at Mission Santa Barbara as imagined by Alexander Harmer. Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library

> carriage had been prepared for His Excellency, which was accompanied by several others, occupied by the President and his friends. The females formed, with ornamental canes, beautiful arches, through which the procession passed; and as it marched along, the heavy artillery of the *Presidio* continued to thunder forth its noisy welcome. At the time he had left the barque she was enveloped in smoke, and the distant report of her guns was heard echoing among the hills in our rear.
>
> At four o'clock the bishop was escorted to the Mission, and when a short distance from the town, the enthusiastic inhabitants took the horses from the carriage, and dragged it themselves. Halting at a small bower on the road, he alighted, went into it, and put on his pontifical robes; then resuming his place in the carriage, he continued on, amidst the sound of music and the firing of guns, till he arrived at the church, where he addressed the multitude that followed him.

After receiving several petitions and numerous personal appeals, Bishop Garcia Diego decided to make Santa Barbara his permanent home, much to the apparent satisfaction of both the natives and the *gente de razón*. He wrote Pope Gregory XVI, telling how the "most cordial hospitality as well as demonstrations of affection, respect and loyalty" had convinced him of the feasability of relocating in a place where "security, population and commerce affords easy communication from one extremity" of his jurisdiction to the other. Citing the favorable disposition of the city's inhabitants, the bishop presumed that the Holy Father would endorse his decision.

After several weeks enjoying the hospitality of local families, the bishop took up residence at the Old Mission, occupying the first two rooms along the front corridor closest to the church. One account described the building of those days as being,

> very large and having many rooms. The bishop was placed in a small room which was partitioned so that he could have a bedroom and an office; both were so small that in the office only a table, a portable altar which at times was used to say Mass, a small bookstand and some chairs, and in the bedroom only a bed, trunk and a chair could be placed. I heard the bishop say after living there for some time: "Ah, my son, I cannot breathe in this cage; it appears they have selected for me the worst rooms."

Another glimpse into the prelate's living arrangements can be gleaned from the memoirs of Captain George Simpson, a representative with the Hudson Bay Company, who visited Santa Barbara Mission shortly after the bishop's arrival there.

> From the gate where we were received by the bishop, we were conducted into an apartment of ordinary size, lighted by a small grated window. This room and its contents presented a contrast

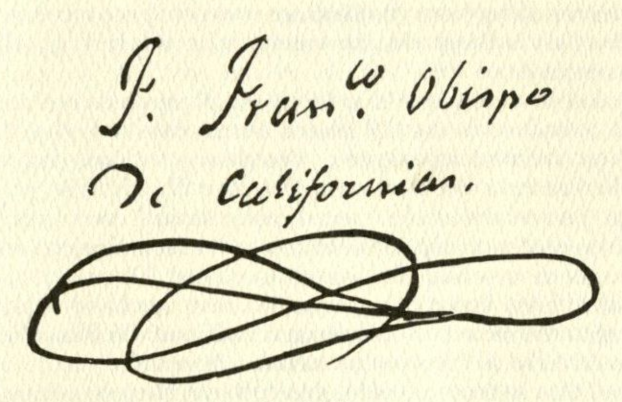
> which, besides being agreeable in itself, was interesting as an evidence at once of the simplicity of the old fathers, and of the ostentation of their espiscopal successor. The walls were whitewashed, and the ceiling consisted of rafters while articles of furniture that would not have disgraced a nobleman's mansion occupied the floor. The carpet was the work of the Indians of Mexico; the table was covered with crimson velvet, on which lay a pillow of the same material, adorned with gold; and the sofa and chairs had seats of the same costly and showy description. But the gem of the whole was a throne, with three steps in front of it. It was hung with crimson velvet, which was profusely trimmed with tissue of gold; and its back displayed an expensively framed miniature of the reigning pope painted by a princess, and sent by Gregory to the bishop, along with his diamond ring as a gift. In this his own chair of state, the good prelate insisted on placing me, though I am afraid that, in this planting a heretic before his most highly valued memorial of His Holiness, he must have sacrificed in some degree his orthodoxy to his politeness.

What the well intentioned Garcia Diego probably intended as a formal reception was obviously misinterpreted by Simpson who felt that the prelate was "overloaded with finery." Their conversation, however, went well enough and was described by the visitor as both "agreeable and amusing."

Accommodations were also made in another area of the Old Mission for the handful of seminarians who accompanied the bishop to California. Classes were held there until more permanent quarters could be provided at Santa Inés. For the first time in California history, Bishop Garcia Diego conferred the major orders on three seminarians at Santa Barbara Mission in June of 1842. Miguel Gomez became the proto priest ordained in the Golden State.

Meanwhile, in the flush of his earliest weeks in Santa Barbara, Bishop Garcia Diego drafted and completed his second pastoral letter. After formally outlining the litany of projects envisioned for the diocese the friar-bishop acknowledged that "these great and beneficent projects cannot be affected unless the faithful are willing to cooperate with us in a very substantial way."

By "substantial" the prelate had in mind tithing, an ancient practice whose history he carefully explained. He pointed out that he had been forced to commence his episcopal apostolate in the Californias "without a single penny." Though much had been promised by the government, little had ever materialized. It was indeed a moving appeal and one which should have elicited a reasonably generous response. The letter, written in the episcopal chambers at the Old Mission, was then sent out to be read at all of the Masses in the diocese. Unhappily, practical though it may have been, the appeal struck an unresponsive cord and there is no indication that the Catholics of the area took the bishop's words seriously.



Facsimile signature of Bishop Francisco Garcia Diego.

As is abundantly clear from even a cursory reading of a "Sermon for Independence," which Garcia Diego had delivered at Zacatecas on November 11, 1821, the bishop was a committed nationalist, outspoken against the "great evils in America during the years of its [Mexico's] subjection to Spain." Though one suspects that events occurring during the ensuing years did much to mollify the prelate's enthusiasm for the independence movement, he did voluntarily and perhaps even joyfully take the required Oath of Allegiance to the Mexican government's new constitution at the Old Mission on October 15, 1843.

One of the areas that caused the bishop considerable concern at Santa Barbara was that pertaining to marriages. Though the Law of the Indies had recognized ecclesial competency in such matters, the new regime early on claimed an equal if not paramount right to decide on any issue brought before it, irrespective of traditional canonical procedures.

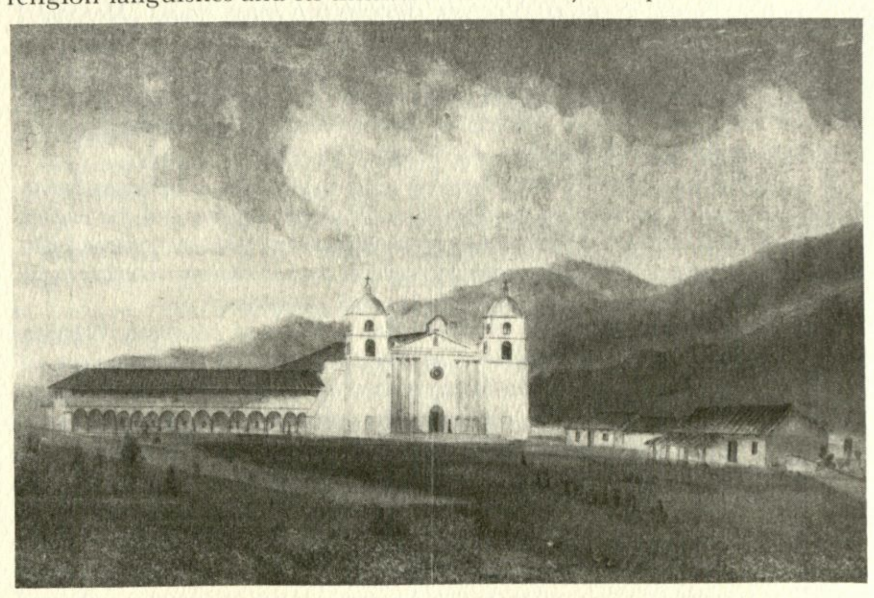
A celebrated case in point involved Santa Barbara residents Casilda Sepúlveda and Teodoro Trujillo. Casilda claimed that her marriage to Teodoro was null. *Fray* Tomas Estenaga had advised Casilda to bring the matter before a secular judge, probably because of the annexed property claims over which the judge would also exercise jurisdiction. On May 3, 1842, Bishop Garcia Diego wrote to Santiago Argüello, complaining that the judge had exceeded his authority by issuing a decree of marital nullity. He pointed out that "Your Excellency will readily ascertain my displeasure at seeing ecclesiastical authority encroached upon by the civil tribunal."

In asserting what he referred to as "the Church's undeniable rights," the bishop didn't want Arguello to think he was "looking down on civil officials," but he felt obligated to point out that the case in question was "absolutely reserved" to the Church's domain. The bishop concluded by invalidating the earlier decision, directing Casilda to re-institute her case in canonical court. In retrospect, it would appear that both the governor and the bishop had an obsolete understanding of the legal and canonical

complexities resulting from the Mexican independence movement. It was fortunate for Garcia Diego that he was spared a prophetic glance into the following century!

The myriad of challenges that faced the Franciscan prelate in Santa Barbara are mirrored in the 197 letters, documents and related materials still extant in archival repositories. The passage of time did nothing to alleviate the bishop's problems. On October 27, 1843, he wrote to the Minister of Justice about the "very drastic straits" in which he found himself. Houses-of-worship had been closed for lack of priests and services throughout the diocese had been sharply curtailed. There were only twenty priests in the entire jurisdiction, most of them aged and infirm. Garcia Diego felt that the return of the administration of the Pious Fund to the diocese would help to "restore the nation's honor."

He warned that in the event of his death, Rome likely would not "name a successor . . . and even should someone be nominated, who would want to govern a diocese so completely lacking the most basic items and one without any type of subsistance?" Garcia Diego pleaded with the Minister to "make these facts known to the President, whose generous nature will certainly incline him to look compassionately on this fair territory, where religion languishes and its ministers are severely hampered."



Painting of the Santa Barbara Mission in 1853 by J.N. Alden. Alden painted 14½ arches, when in reality, there were only 13½. Santa Barbara Mission Archive-Library

On August 8, 1845, in a letter to Jose Maria Hijar, the prelate said that "we are being threatened by the greatest possibility of the Church's total ruination." The lack of ministers had, in the bishop's view, "brought about the abandonment of some *pueblos*." Lacking all resources, almost devoid of clergy, hope and protection, "the Church can only foresee its

complete destruction." He saw, as the only reasonable solution for the many problems, that "the government support the Church, by setting up a relevant, energetic and just system, in tune with local circumstances to reverse the factors bent on its destruction." He saw such action as the only alternative to the ruination that would surely ensue. Garcia Diego said "that any other solution would destroy my patience, already wasted by five years of labors, embarrassments and privations." He threatened "to resign the bishopric" and give the Apostolic See an itemized account of the burdensome situation and the deplorable state to which he had been reduced.

One of the last of the prelate's letters, written to the President of the Republic, noted sadly that "the clergy in this diocese today consists of a few disconsolate friars anxious to retire, others too old or feeble to work and a few others who, despite their efforts, cannot possibly care for this vast territory in the proper manner."

From the first moment of his arrival in Santa Barbara, the bishop had grandiose plans for the Channel City. He envisioned a church, a seminary, school, episcopal residence and several charitable institutions. Unhappily, the ambitious plans were aborted for lack of support and/or interest on behalf of the populace. We are told that "large piles of stones were heaped up in several places for laying foundations of the above-mentioned edifices. The stones will undoubtedly remain for some years as monuments of the frailty of human speculation."

Hard pressed as he was for revenues, the bishop adamantly refused to implement the suggestion, even when offered by the governor, that he inaugurate stole fees. He pointed out that in former times services had been provided free for the people. This, he said, gained the good will of the faithful, sheltered churchmen from the cavils of the impious and the ill will of those with earthly interests. He firmly believed that even if the system were adopted, it would not support the church.

> It will not furnish relief, and of this I am certain . . . Santa Barbara which is one of the most populous towns (not counting the Indians) has had in the past year fifty-five baptisms, four marriages, and twenty-six burials. The tariff of the Diocese of Guadalajara, which is the lowest, prescribes for each baptism (not including desired pomp) eighteen *reales*; for an ordinary marriage, seven *pesos*, besides the gift for the candles, the attendants, and for the use of the rings and token to the bride. In addition, for each announcement four *reales* are offered, so that the ordinary marriage costs eight and a half *reales*. For an ordinary burial the tariff prescribes six and a half *pesos*.
>
> According to this, supposing all had paid the fees, what would be the result? The population of Santa Barbara in the preceding years would have produced an income of only 326.75 *pesos*! Can a parish priest maintain himself and the divine services at his church with such a paltry amount? If then, Santa Barbara under the fee system cannot support a pastor, what

> about the smaller places? Could they support him? Evidently not.

Though he spent the major part of his episcopate in Santa Barbara, there is surprisingly little evidence about his personal contact with the local inhabitants. Simpson remarked that "all but the better classes were unfriendly to the bishop."

> The provincial authorities regarded him with an eye of jealousy as a creature and partisan of the central government; and the mass of the people dreaded any symptom of the revival of a system which had, in their opinion, sacrificed the temporal interests of the colonists to the spiritual welfare of the aborigines.

Father Doroteo Ambris, who came to Santa Barbara with Garcia Diego as a student, later recalled an unfortunate incident of which he was an eyewitness:

> In the same town [Santa Barbara] His lordship, the bishop, was taking a ride in his carriage along the outskirts, accompanied by this writer. A bull enraged by a crowd of people on foot and on horseback, appeared coming toward the carriage. The crowd continued exciting the bull until it came close to the carriage. Then they gave up their pursuit and celebrated with a loud noise the ferocity with which the bull struck the carriage killing the mule that was pulling it. On this occasion I saw the bishop shed abundant tears.



The Bishop's carriage attacked by a bull as drawn by Russell Ruiz. The incident dramatically showed the lack of affection felt by the populace for the Bishop.
Old Spanish Santa Barbara by Walter A. Tompkins (McNally and Lofton, Publishers)

Another account of the episode stated that "no one knows whether the bull was chased outside [the plaza] intentionally or came out accidentally."

Some years later, Bishop Thaddeus Amat told Pope Pius IX about the incident and added that Garcia Diego was "hurt somewhat," in the crash and that he had "to return to the mission on foot while the men who saw what happened remained behind."

Though he was the most distinguished person ever to live at Santa Barbara Mission, Bishop Garcia Diego's love and concern for the people attached to the Old Mission was apparently never again reciprocated after the initial outburst of enthusiasm. Nor were the local residents responsive to the prelate financially. So poor was he that he had to borrow money to furnish his own quarters. Leandro Martinez felt that the people of Santa Barbara gave their bishop "an apparent show of respect" only.

One reason for the bishop's lack of popularity in Santa Barbara may have been his Mexican origins and education. The older Spanish families resented their New World counterparts and frowned upon the quality of their schooling. Actually, in Garcia Diego's case, that rationale was especially ludicrous because the bishop was born into a socially prominent family whose members had long been represented in the medical, legal, political and ecclesial sphere. Garcia Diego had been a schoolmate of Anastasio Bustamante, who became President of the Republic. Undoubtedly such factors as these were unknown to the people at the time and likely the bishop never realized their importance to his work. And the bishop's education towered above that of most Santa Barbarans of the time. His earlier published *Metodo de Misionar*, for example, gives ample evidence of his extensive philosophical and theological training.

But there were other factors too. Some of his contemporaries doubted the area needed a bishop. The biographer of Angustias de la Guerra Ord felt that Garcia Diego "was unfitted to overcome the difficulties he faced without priests or money," in as much as his only base of popular support was Santa Barbara and "rarely did the discouraged man leave his home." Eugène Duflot de Mofras shared that opinion and predicted in 1841 that "the influence of the bishop . . . will not be widespread; his advanced age and his Mexican education will not permit him to take part in any spiritual conquests, nor augment the imposing foundations that are the glory of the Spanish Fathers.

A commentator on Santa Barbara's early history says that the city's *paisanos* resented the bishop's sermons, "which branded them as slothful while the leading Spanish families, the *gente de razón*, were embittered because Garcia Diego accused them of fornication and other immoralities." The same writer contended that "to show their contempt, whenever Bishop Garcia Diego was in the pulpit, the Barbaranos not only refused to attend Mass, but staged horse races, bear-and-bull fights, and other noisy sports within earshot of the Mission."

Apparently the prelate did not enhance his position with the stubbornness of his personality. Edward Vischer reported hearing repeatedly about what he called the hypocritical character of the bishop, noting that "his conduct appeared to confirm that description." An equally unimpressed, but openly antagonistic Guadalupe Vallejo classified Garcia Diego among those "prelates who suffered from an excess of silly pride." Another (even more prejudiced) observer recalled that "the bishop rules triumphant, and the wretched priest-ridden dupes would lick the very dirt from off his shoes were he but to will it." Obviously the ill feelings harbored by the *paisanos* or Californians for Mexican immigrants

explains much of the personal antipathy for Francisco Garcia Diego. The bishop would doubtless have fared better if his cradle had stood in Spain rather than in Mexico.

Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno gives every indication of having been unworldly, unselfish and well versed in the ecclesiastical disciplines. While he may not have been the strong character the stormy era desperately called for, "it is doubtful if any man could have been a great leader in the troublous times of Bishop [Garcia] Diego's episcopancy." Although chronologically the first Bishop for California, it remained the challenge of his successors to set the scene for a new culture. For his part, the bishop was destined, to taste the stigma of the anticlericalism that pervaded the turbulent revolutionary Mexico. His natural death was hastened by the unfulfilled promises and the greedy chicanery of the men who governed California in the name of God and Liberty.

When the bishop died, on April 30, 1846, the entire population of Santa Barbara was invited to his funeral. That his services, even though conducted on Sunday, were not well attended, says a lot about his popularity and effectiveness.



Tomb of Bishop Francisco Garcia Diego in the Santa Barbara Mission. William Dewey photo

In any event, what was denied Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno by Santa Barbarans during his lifetime was lavished upon his remains in death. Shortly after his entombment in a vault of the sanctuary in his pro-cathedral, an artist was employed to design an elaborate monument for the bishop. It is the most elegant of any used for the state's subsequent prelates. The paradox is that Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno was the poorest of them all.

The bishop's death brought down the curtain not only on his personal life but on the Hispanic era of Santa Barbara's history. A bare month after his funeral, Commodore Robert F. Stockton arrived to claim the Old Mission and its city for the United States. A century later, in an attempt to publicly atone for its earlier behavior, the people of Santa Barbara eagerly endorsed a suggestion by the Archbishop of Los Angeles that their newest Catholic institution be known as Bishop Garcia Diego High School.

So far, the school has experienced considerably more success than the friar-bishop whose name it bears.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD SANTA BARBARA

By Rosario Curletti

Miss Curletti (1913-1986) was a life-long resident of Santa Barbara, local historian, newspaper columnist, and was active in numerous charitable agencies. This piece was written in 1942.

One hundred years ago, Santa Barbara no longer formed part of colonial Spain, but enjoyed Mexican rule. When I reconstruct the Christmas of the last century in this quiet presidio town, you will recognize the customs I shall mention as basically Spanish, yet adapted skillfully to the traditionally gracious living of California.

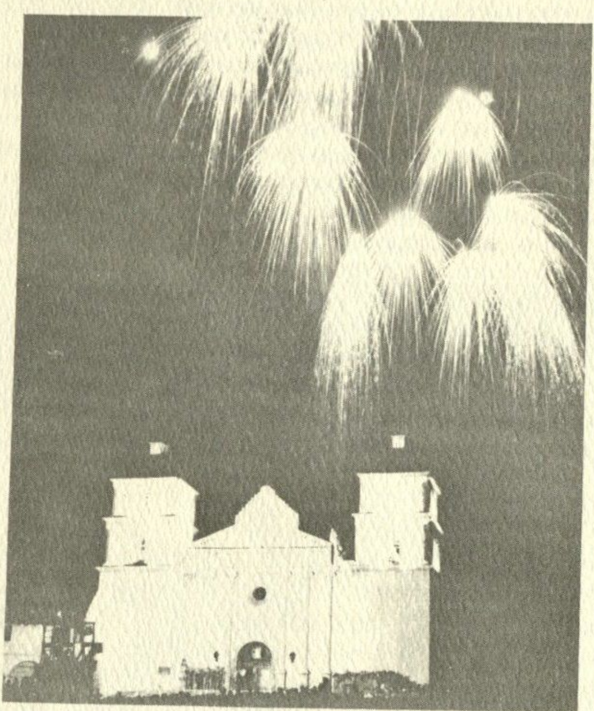
In 1842, Christmas in Santa Barbara was a season beginning with the Day of Our Lady of Guadalupe (December 12) and usually ending with the Feast of the Three Kings (January 6). Christmas then, was a month-long celebration full of special religious and social activities, each with its spiritual or worldly significance.

First came the Day of Our Lady of Guadalupe, or as some preferred, the following day of Santa Lucía, when the crib grass was carefully and tenderly planted by the children. I remember hearing my grandmother tell of scurrying about the big adobe rooms gathering flat plates, of searching in the sand of the wide beaches for precious shells to fill with warm brown earth, of the ensuing ceremony as each child made deep holes in the soil and dropped slowly from clenched moist fists three slim golden kernels of grain: one for the worms, one for the birds, and one for the growing. By Christmas Eve the verdure had flourished—thick and tall—a living tribute to the greenness of eternity.

The very day of the grass planting began the delightful presentations of *Las Posadas.*[1] After supper, several families assembled, divided into two groups, and enacted the entrance of Mary and Joseph into Bethlehem. While the elderly grandparents remained in the great salon, the young people formed long queues behind the leaders holding the doll-like images of Mary and Joseph: walking through the many corridors of the house in procession, singing traditional quatrains about the famous journey of the Nazarene and his wife. At last when the company reached the salon, they found the door closed; then began the famous exchanges between the innskeeper and Joseph, which culminated in the recognition of Mary, the Mother of the Christ child. This drama, if you care to call it that, was enacted at someone's house every evening until Christmas Day, making some fourteen performances in all. But life was never somber in Old California, for once the religious pageant unfolded, the company overflowed with gaiety and there was feasting and dancing all through the night and into the morning.

So the days preceding Christmas Eve followed one upon another, but the dancing feet of the young men and women never slipped and their voices in the religious ceremony of *Las Posadas* never faltered. Waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, the dignified *son, jarabes, jotas,*[2] contredanses; there seemed no end to the dancers and their merriment.

Christmas Eve arrives. The *crèche* was erected and surrounded with the tall crib grass planted a fortnight before. *Las Posadas* was again presented in the homes; then came at the Mission, *La Misa del Gallo* (the Mass of the Cock), followed by the kissing of the Christ child and the dramatization of the celebrated story of the shepherds of Bethlehem, *Los Pastores*. Regardless of whether the mystery play was acted out in the aisle of the church itself or on the footsteps of the Old Mission, the characters were the same: the old hermit, the Archangel Gabriel, a half dozen shepherdesses, Lucifer, and one Bortolo, dazed with tamales and good red wine, but mindful of the divinity of the Child. The manuscript of the drama, not performed every year, but only occasionally, came to California with Fray Junípero Serra.



"High above the bells flashed the *padres'* homemade fireworks . . ." Santa Barbara Historical Society

When the play took place on the open steps of the Mission or beneath the feathery branches of the pepper tree, the audience would invariably turn expectant faces toward the church towers at the end of the performance. High above the bells flashed the *padres'* homemade fireworks: red, blue, green, violet, and multi-colored flowers burst into great bloom and glorious showers of brilliant lights. Lastly came *La Paloma*, the Dove, the rocket which pierced farthest into the sky, to the very stars. So it seemed in that quiet valley of long ago.

Thus with a feeling of peace, the people returned to their homes to dine and dance the hours away, for to the Barbereño of a century ago, feasting was as much a part of living as praying. The tables were heavy with roasted pigs, oozing aromatic sage stuffing, big bowls of *escabeche*[3] speckled with luscious black olives, wide *ollas*[4] of fluffy Spanish rice, pink with the stain of tomatoes. Then there were the sweets piled high in the copper cooking vessels: *calabazas*[5] in large golden squares cracked with the whiteness of the sugar crust, figs green and transparent and firm and tasting like heaven in thick yellow syrup, *Cabello de Angel* shining in the light as if it really were Angel's Tresses. On platters gleamed the good red *cajeta de membrillo*[6], sliced thickly and there were piles of *empanaditas*[7], fragrant from the recent baking and concealing well the jam within the thin pastry walls. Of course there were all kinds of *tortillas: de maíz, de agua,* and *manteca* properly browned on the flat iron slabs of the stove.

On Christmas Eve there was a special dainty to follow the salads, meats, wines, and desserts. It was the delicate *buñuelo* which was made with a great deal of ceremony, only for this most important of seasons. First a special kind of *tortilla* was rolled as thin as a young man's patience and dipped into sizzling fat. Then a hot syrup was made, not too watery, not too sticky and flavored with wild aniseed or perhaps with a stick of brandy. It sounds very matter of fact to thus describe the ingredients and the method of making this delicacy, but if you could munch this traditional dish you would realize that life is sweet and good and that there is something indescribably wonderful, almost divine, about it. That is the feeling it inspires, that is the message it carries, that is the spirit it renews.

It is this Christmas Eve which is called *La Noche Buena,* the Good Night, because it is the time for the spiritual as well as temporal happiness. Even the children have their privileges as this old jingle testifies:

Esta noche es Noche Buena
Y no es Noche de dormir,

This is Holy Night
And not a night to sleep.

The echo of Christmas lasted a full week, until *La Noche Vieja,* New Year's Eve. It is the most exciting night of the old year because during the *tertulia* or party, the *Rifa del Compadrazco*[8] takes place. Well I do recall my grandmother tell of this, the momentous rite of the holiday season and if you look through Alexander Harmer's paintings, you can see the gala occasion depicted in oils, just as the artist saw it himself in old Santa Barbara. My grandmother, eyes bright with recalling, would recount each detail; how *Don Miguel,* crimson kerchief tied about his soft black hair would write in his flowing hand the name of each man present, while *Don José* in festive white breeches would as carefully pen every woman's name in his small swift Spencerian script; how the papers were placed in separate little Spanish chests, perhaps one red, one green; and how at the stroke of midnight two children were blindfolded and placed on separate tables near the respective trunks.

Then the music ceased and everyone crowded about to hear the calling of the names. The women in their full skirts and pointed bodices tapped their silk-slippered feet on the smooth floor as they arranged the heavy brightly flowered *mantones de Manila*[9] about their shoulders. There was much nodding of heads, long earrings swinging dangerously; there were some furtive glances exchanged behind swaying fans; and there was a silence of expectancy. *Don Miquel* rapped loudly on the wooden table, the child beside him would bring forth a paper from the trunk and *Don Miquel* would take it between his long fingers, carefully unfold it and announce, *Señor Capitán Juan Wilson, el escoses*[10]. Precisely when the words were uttered, *Don Jose* would accept the slip drawn by the child at his elbow, painstakingly rub out the creases while everyone waited breathlessly for his big voice to boom out, "*Compadre to Sra. Doña Ramona, la bonita.*"

The shouting that followed drowned out the congratulations showered upon the *compadres* as they embraced. There were obligations entailed in being a *comadre*. She had to be gracious and charming to her *compadre* throughout the year, but the duties of the *compadre* were equally delightful. He had to escort her to all dances and functions and most especially to the Dance of the Feast of the Three Kings besides making her a gift before that day. This last was particularly exciting, for one might receive anything: a music box brought around the Horn, a Parisian fan, a



". . . the dancing feet of the young men and women never slipped. . . . there seemed no end to the dancers and their merriment."
Santa Barbara Historical Society

bolt of cloth imported from Scotland, or whatever choice object the clipper ships had stored in their holds.

The day between *La Noche Vieja* and *El Dia de los Tres Reyes* passed swiftly. There were gowns to be cut and fitted according to the lastest Boston fashion fully six months or a year old by the fastest vessels. There was cooking to be done, Indian maids to be supervised, sweets to be prepared, and every woman strained her ingenuity to create an extra tempting tidbit to please her *compadre*. perhaps in gratitude for a luxurious present or in anticipation of an elegant gift. Of course there were *sēnoritas* who had to endure the sight of their best beaux in the clutches of bitter rivals and young men had to silently suffer while their sweethearts exerted themselves to please other men, but that was the luck of the season and borne gracefully for the most part.

On the sixth day of January the Three Kings, Gaspar, Melchor, and Baltazar terminated their slow journey across the room and arrived triumphantly at the nativity scene. It was they who brought toys, cookies, and sweetmeats to the children. During this day particularly, there was much feasting and dancing, for would not the New Year be a gay one if everyone expressed his happiness? On this evening, mirth itself seemed to go on a holiday as the last *bunuelos* of the season were slowly consumed, as *cascarones* (empty egg shells filled with gold dust, scented tinsel, or bits of thin paper) were cracked upon unsuspecting heads, as the music took on a quicker pace, as the castanets clapped louder than ever, as the laughing company turned fresh faces of hope and confidence to the year before them.

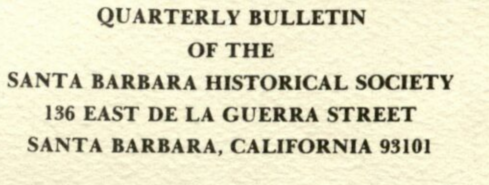
Thus the season of Christmas came and went a century ago in the little old pueblo of Santa Barbara. They never knew Christmas trees or stockings or bright electric lights, but they gathered the true spirit of Christmas in their hearts so that it lasted the whole year through.

EDITOR'S NOTES

1. *Las Posadas:* The Inns.
2. *son, jarabes, jotas:* dances of Spanish America
3. *escabeche:* pickled fish
4. *ollas:* pots
5. *calabazas:* pumpkins
6. *cajeta de membrillo:* quince candy
7. *empanaditas:* pie crust dough, folded over and stuffed with meat or fruits
8. *Rifa del Compadrazco:* Lottery of the Protector
9. *mantones:* shawls
10. *el escoses:* the Scot

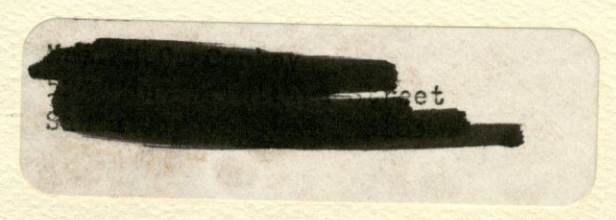


Present day Santa Barbara's symbol of Christmas, the "Tree of Light" at the corner of Carrillo and Chapala Streets, ca. 1886.
Santa Barbara Historical Society

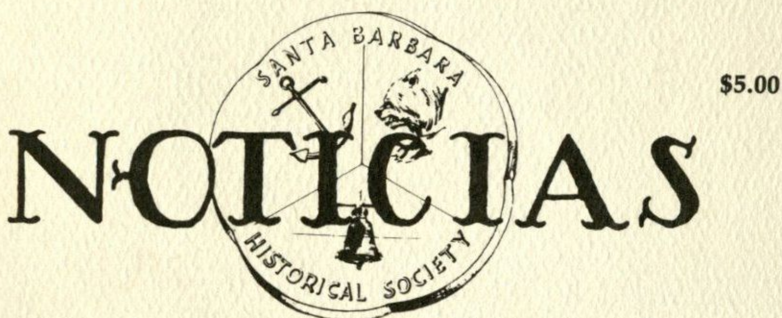


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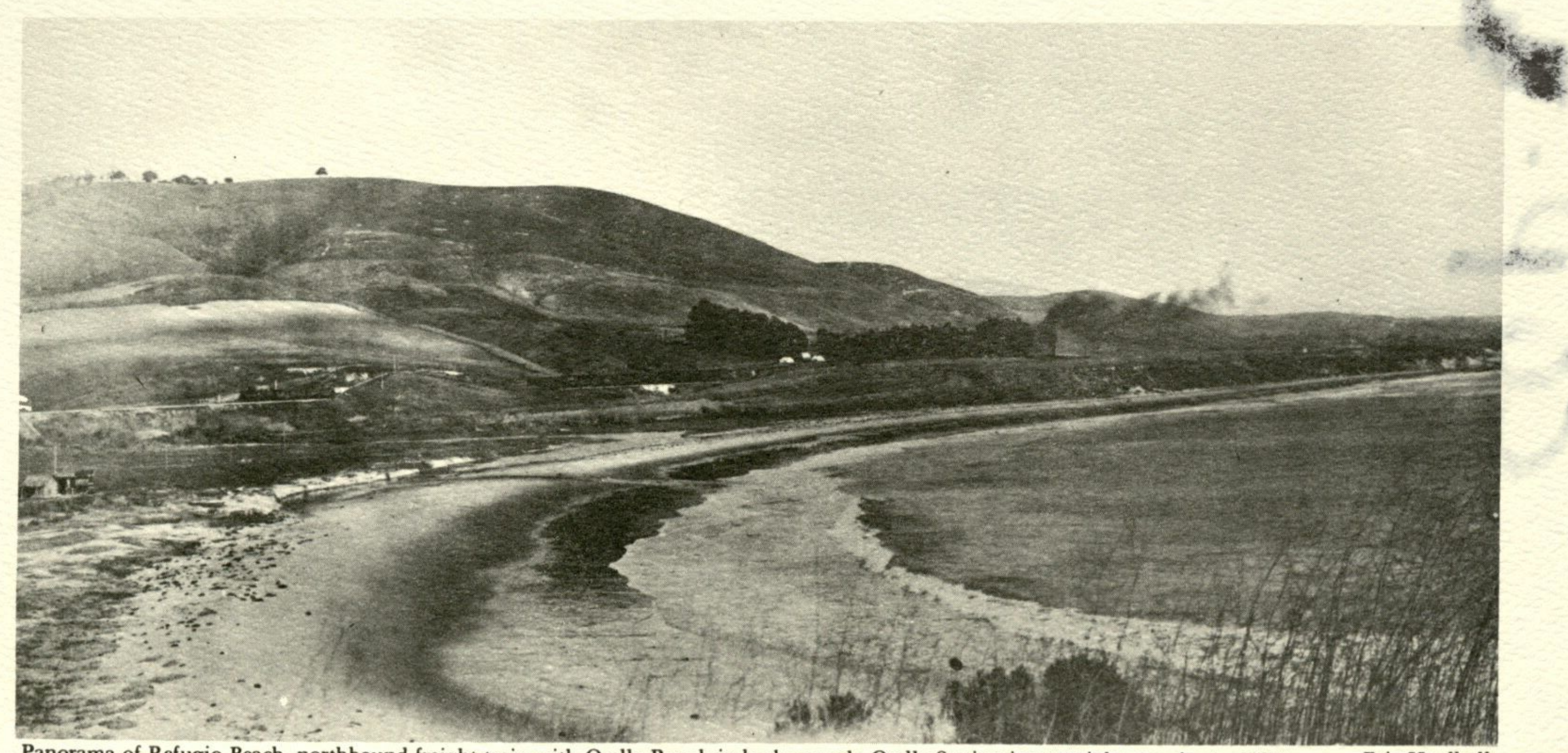


$5.00



First train arriving in Santa Barbara, August 19, 1887. S.B. Historical Society

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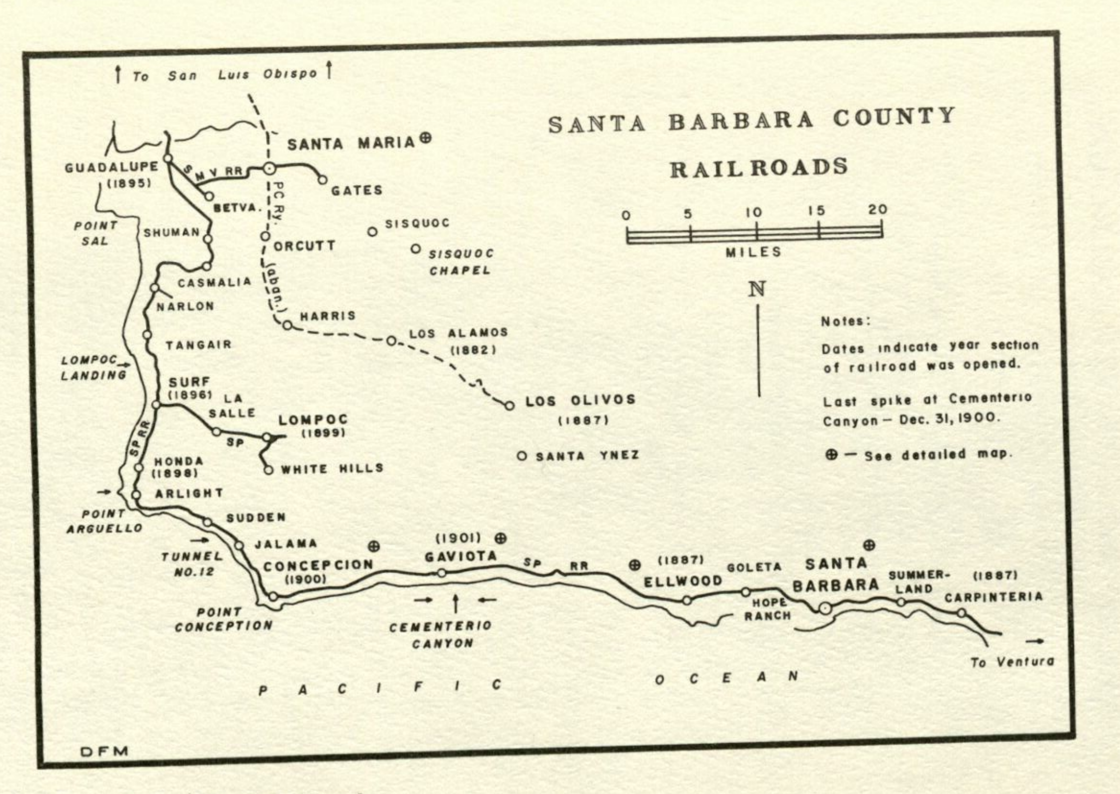
Panorama of Refugio Beach, northbound freight train with Orella Ranch in background. Orella Station is near right margin. (c. 1915) Eric Hvolboll

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY RAILROADS

A Centennial History

By David F. Myrick

CONTENTS



Santa Barbara County Railroads.

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY RAILROADS

A Centennial History

By David F. Myrick*

THE RAILROAD COMES TO SANTA BARBARA

This year, 1987, marks the centennial of the arrival of the first trains at Santa Barbara and Ventura and this historical sketch will tell the story of the Southern Pacific Company and the several short line railroads in these counties. Additionally, several railroad projects are recognized, even though they had no trains or tracks.

It is difficult to picture the almost total dependency of communities on railroads for transportation during the last century and well into this present century. Ventura and Santa Barbara, located on the Pacific Ocean, were served by steamships which shared in both freight and passenger traffic in diminishing degrees as the years of the century passed by. Stagecoaches and freight teaming were busy, but generally traffic to and from more distant points went by coastal vessels or by rail.

The Golden Spike, driven in 1869 when the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific met in Utah, marked the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. This achievement was soon followed by other proposals; the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, already authorized by Congress even before the completion of the Pacific Railroad, contemplated a route along the 35th parallel to join St. Louis with San Francisco. Part of the surveyed route entered Ventura County by the Santa Clara Valley before reaching the Pacific Ocean near Ventura and then continuing westerly and northerly to end at San Francisco. Other than some token work, the A&P RR constructed no lines in California.

Its efforts, however, were enough to spark the interest of towns and ranchers along the route, and Alvinza Hayward, a successful mining man residing in San Francisco, formed the California Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to build the western end of the A&P. He was stoutly rebuffed when he sought a little financial assistance from Santa Barbara County voters, who turned down his request for $300,000 in county bonds by a lopsided vote in November 1872. Mr Hayward's trial balloon was followed by other visionary schemes which, in some cases, could best be described as pure fantasy.

The major exception was the Southern Pacific Railroad Co., which came into the hands of the "Big Four": Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford and Mark Hopkins, all familiar names in California's history. After the Golden Spike, these men pushed their tracks down the almost vacant San Joaquin Valley, then over Tehachapi Summit to Mohave. Continuing south, the railroad builders met their associates building north from Los Angeles at Lang in 1876. This southern segment included the difficult San Fernando tunnel on the way to Newhall before turning eastward to follow the upper waters of the Santa Clara River. By 1883, the Big Four (less Mark Hopkins who died in 1879) had rails all the way to New Orleans, with steamship connnections to New York City. Everything become part of the Southern Pacific Company the next year.

People in Santa Barbara County read of these construction feats and felt slighted, for no railroad had reached their towns. There were local attempts, however, such

*Mr. Myrick, a native Santa Barbarán, previously contributed a biography of Santa Fe railroader E.P. Ripley to *Noticias*.

as the efforts of Albert B. Dibblee. Dibblee, a San Francisco entrepreneur, and his brother Thomas B. Dibblee, at one time were ranching partners with W.W. Hollister. They had previously joined Hollister in supporting the Alvinza Hayward proposal and though it was unsuccessful, this did not curtail their interest in railroads. In March 1881, Albert Dibblee engaged Egbert Judson, an experienced railroad civil engineer, to survey a line from Gaviota (Landing) to Lompoc, presumably along El Jaro Creek and through San Julian Ranch. It was hoped to make a profit by building this railroad and then selling it to a through railroad. Apparently the cost of the tunnels discouraged actual construction and a few years went by before dramatic changes occurred.

Early in the spring of 1886, Southern Pacific was ready to construct a railroad along the California coast by building some 300 miles between Soledad and (old) Newhall station. (Newall station was moved two and one-half miles south in 1878 and the old place became "Saugus," honoring the Massachusetts birthplace of rancher Henry M. Newhall.)

Soledad, the railhead since 1873, was 144 miles south of San Francisco and 26 miles south of Salinas. Saugus, on the main line, was 33 miles north of Los Angeles and, with the Santa Clara Valley offering a gentle slope down to the sea, Saugus was the logical gateway to Ventura County.

On the northern segment, work was resumed at Soledad, and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, working up the Salinas River, reached San Miguel, a distance of 65 miles, on October 18, 1886. Then, reacting to the restrictions in the SP RR mortgage—probably discovered by some bright young attorney—a new corporation was created to own the next sections of the railroad. Called the Southern Pacific Branch Railway, it was incorporated April 12, 1886, but lasted only until May 14, 1886 when it was absorbed by a new SP RR which was the eighth of nine corporations with this name. During these two years, the SP Branch Railway built two sections of the Coast Line: San Miguel to Templeton (14 miles), and Saugus to Ellwood (91 miles).

Santa Barbara Welcomes the Trains

The coast communities were eagerly awaiting the railroad in 1886. Because Southern Pacific had the financial resources and engineering and management talent, the railroad was more of a reality than ever before. A major real estate boom began in Santa Barbara with the arrival of the SP surveyors. By the summer, the route through Santa Barbara was established—always subject to a last-minute change, of course. On the other hand, the route from Gaviota, 30 miles west of Santa Barbara, was undecided and engineers were checking several possible routes. One went over Gaviota Pass and through Lompoc on its northward course, while the other followed the coast line around Point Conception. Although somewhat longer, SP eventually chose this route because of the absence of heavy grades.

Physical construction, beginning at Saugus, strengthened belief that the railroad would be arriving soon. Actually, there were several starts before work continued on a sustained basis. The first beginning was in April 1886, when a large force was reported working at Saugus, but almost immediately these men were dispatched to Soledad to work south from that point.

The second start, again at Saugus, was on August 26, 1886, but storm damage, first nearby and then in Arizona, required the services of the construction forces, so

it was not until the middle of September 1886 that steady work commenced.

The route from Saugus to the coast followed the Santa Clara River most of the way. The graders were working by the Camulos Ranch in November as the pile driver was busy at Piru Creek crossing. Two weeks later, the construction train was running as far as Camulos, 14 miles from Saugus. The towns of Santa Paula and Saticoy had been established some years before the railroad, while new towns, such as Piru and Fillmore, were nurtured by the railroad's presence.

On January 26, 1887, Santa Paula had a dual reason for celebration, as both the first train and the badly needed rain came on the same day. The Southern Pacific line to Santa Paula, 34 miles from Saugus, was officially opened on February 8, 1887; daily train service from Los Angeles began the next day. Continuous storms began, and, though the rains were helpful to farmers, the washouts disrupted railroad operations for about a week.

As Ventura was just 16 miles from Santa Paula, it was expected that only a few weeks would pass before the engines would be whistling at that ocean-front city. Instead, three months were necessary before the track layers were spiking rails along Front Street. The culprit causing the delays was the shortage of rail, because the rolling mills were overwhelmed with orders. The year of 1887 marked the alltime record for new railroad construction in the United States. Southern Pacific was contributing to this record, as it completed the costly line between California and Oregon as well as the railroad to Santa Barbara. The trains finally arrived in Ventura on May 18, but there was no "grand celebration," although this event was a good excuse for an extra toast in Ventura saloons.

Railroad graders were working far ahead of track layers, sometimes in short, isolated sections. Before the end of January 1887, men and teams had moved the west side of the Ventura River, but earlier that same month, William B. Story, an SP locating engineer working in Santa Barbara, told a *Press* reporter that his crew was establishing the final line in Montecito, using the preliminary survey which he had run three months earlier as a base. He spoke of the surprising climb leaving the west side of Santa Barbara which peaked at what he called "Modoc Pass" (near Hope Ranch), almost 200 feet above sea level. The climb had to be carefully paced in order not to exceed the 1% grade. (The present line begins its climb at Santa Barbara Street and continues to a point just beyond Las Positas Road (145 feet), where the track enters a level stretch for almost two-thirds of a mile. The summit between Santa Barbara and Goleta is reached near the entrance to Hope Ranch after climbing 165 feet.)

Southern Pacific's original line entered the east side of Santa Barbara along Punta Gorda Street and, after crossing Quarantina Street, turned right to run in a northwesterly direction between Quarantina and Salsipuedes Streets for eight blocks before making a sharp left turn and continuing along Gutierrez Street. At Rancheria Street, the route turned right to follow that street to the city limits. (Most of Rancheria Street is presently occupied by the freeway.)

In January 1887, W.B. Story directed men forming a one-block section of the grade paralleling Salsipuedes Street, perhaps to comply with the franchise. Story, by the way, left SP a few years later and eventually became president of The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway.

Although the Santa Fe Railway did not build in Santa Barbara or Ventura Counties, the officials of that company were in Santa Barbara so often that their presence was a harbinger of a second railroad. Col. C.K. Holliday, an early

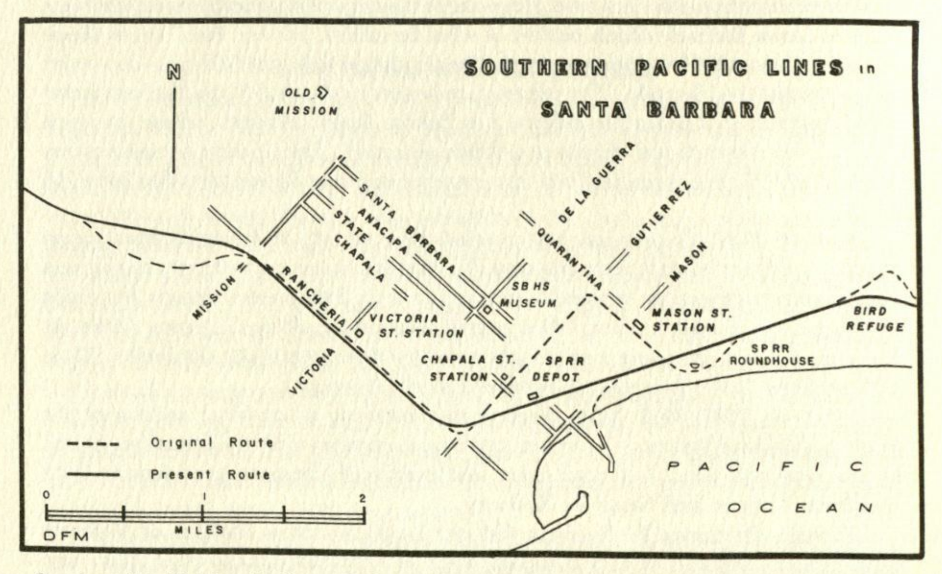
president of the Santa Fe, stopped at the Arlington Hotel with his family and, as he was still a director, tongues were wagging. The sale of John M. Forbes' extensive holdings in Montecito to a Santa Fe official created excitement until it was realized that this was a personal investment. More than once AT&SF surveyors were reported to be running lines to Santa Barbara via The Ojai, Casitas Pass and Montecito. Another erroneous statement had the Santa Fe acquiring the narrowgauge Pacific Coast Railway, based in San Luis Obispo. One press comment, noting numerous real estate sales in that city, concluded that this "confirmed" Santa Fe's interest in San Luis Obispo. Although the Santa Fe tracks never entered Santa Barbara or Ventura Counties, it might be mentioned that a Santa Fe oil subsidiary conducted operations near Seacliff in later years.

In February 1887, as Santa Paula citizens were welcoming their first scheduled trains, Chinese graders were carving a ledge in the steep hillsides of the Rincon. To convince themselves that this time the railroad was a reality, some Santa Barbara men rode their horses down to the Rincon to witness the construction.

At the end of March, a small work crew crossed Rincon Creek to enter Santa Barbara County. Recognizing that a disproportionate amount of time would be needed to hack a roadbed in the ocean side of Ortega Hill, SP moved some advance forces to that location three weeks later. Soon upwards of 400 men, mostly Chinese, were camped near the west slope of Ortega Hill. A neat row of two dozen white tents, close to the shoreline accommodated the white graders, together with the blacksmith shop, harness storage and supplies. A separate, large tent was the headquarters of the field engineer.

In the hollow beside the creek and back of the old (Masini) adobe was the Chinese camp, described as a large number of tents crowded together "without regard to order or regularity."

Although some 1,100 men were working along the line down to Ventura, more men were needed, and job applicants found instant employment. At the end of



Southern Pacific lines in Santa Barbara

April, a long row of holes had been driven into the face of Ortega Hill for blasting. More giant powder was used than originally expected; in one place, a forty-foot slice in the hill was required. The extensive blasting, besides ringing telephone bells in Santa Barbara, also entertained spectators on a few Sunday afternoons. By June 1, after six weeks of hard work, the half-mile section along the face of the hill was finished and the graders' camps were moved westward.

Rail supply, a continuing problem in 1887, eased sufficiently to enable track layers to reach Rincon Point on June 4, and by June 22, rails had been laid all the way to Carpinteria where a turntable was installed. At this time, the work force was scattered along the route as far as Montecito.

Carpinteria's Big Day

Though lacking a pompous celebration, the biggest day in Carpinteria's history was July 1, 1887 when scheduled Los Angeles passenger trains began steaming into town to discharge their patrons by Mary Ashley's property which soon would be the site of the station. From here it was only one and one-half hours on Joseph C. Lorenzano's stage before the passengers were landed at the Morris House, at State and Haley, in Santa Barbara, thus accomplishing the entire journey from Los Angeles in slightly more than six hours. Carpinteria was to be the rail terminal for seven weeks, a great convenience and comfort, for no longer would Santa Barbara visitors be confronted with fears of sea sickness!

In the five miles between Carpinteria and Ortega Hill, a flag stop was established as the east boundary of Ortega Ranch, opposite today's Lambert Road. Originally the station name honored I.K. Fisher, a stockman and owner of various ranch lands in the county but it soon became Ortega for that was the name given the townsite. The town never developed, but the name remains for the railroad passing track. (Summerland had its beginnings in January 1889 when J.L. Williams formed his spiritualist colony on the Ortega Ranch.)

In Santa Barbara, the Citizens' Committee of the Jubilee Celebration was formed to honor the arrival of the railroad as the grading of the line to the station site was essentially finished by July 20, 1887. Now it was Santa Barbara's turn to have its peace shattered by blasting on both sides of town. On the west side, a rock cut along Rancheria Street was made near Sola Street while, in the other direction, tree stumps were blown up at the Mason Street depot grounds. One powder man, a little too eager, sent a tree stump through the roof of a woodshed.

The recurring problem of lack of rail held the end of track at Carpinteria almost to the end of July when twelve carloads of the precious steel arrived. With more cars en route, SP officials confidently announced that an excursion train would leave San Francisco on the 18th of August and arrive in Santa Barbara the next day.

The real estate boom, fueled by the advancing railroad, was in rapid stride at this time. Typically, one man sold his ranch in Montecito for twice what he paid for it four months earlier. The new town of Naples, twelve miles west of Santa Barbara, was staked out at this time and its population, though never large, supported stores and even a church. One owner of the lots was A.N. Towne, SP's general manager, but he died before the railroad reached the community. Contemporary maps no longer show this once promising town.

August, for Santa Barbara, was a month of notable progress as, almost day by day, "The Front" moved westward. First the railhead was at Serena, then at the big cut at Ortega Hill, and at Miramar on August 9. Three days later it was near

Bradley's home by the Bird Refuge, and on August 13, the same day that bridge builders hastily finished the temporary trestle across the Estero, the track layers entered the east gates of the city. By nightfall, the track was at the depot site.

On Tuesday, August 16, there was more excitement as a locomotive ran along Gutierrez Street, almost to the old Episcopal Church. That night there was little sleep in the town as the locomotive engineer, shunting cars of supplies into the wee hours, could not keep his hand off the whistle cord. Close calculations of steel rail supply enabled the track layers to work across State Street for a short distance before the inventory was exhausted on August 18.

The Jubilee Celebration

The last Carpinteria stage connection brought passengers from the Los Angeles train to Santa Barbara on August 18; late that night the train was moved to Santa Barbara, so that departing passengers the next day rode the steam cars all the way to Los Angeles. This train's departure at eleven in the morning marked a lull in the aura of excitement, as only a small crowd gathered to watch the few passengers board the first train to leave Santa Barbara.

But when the train arrived from Los Angeles that afternoon with six day coaches, two sleepers (*San Diego* and *California*), and a baggage car and CP No. 226, a 4-4-0 Pacific type engine on the head end, the story was quite different. Although the train did not arrive until almost four o'clock, an hour and a half behind schedule, the welcoming crowd was quite numerous when the 300 passengers and the Carpinteria brass band stepped out of the cars. This was the Los Angeles local with additional cars and, after disgorging its flock at State Street, this train backed to the Mason Street terminal until it went out the next morning as the southbound local. S.R. Jenkins was the engineer and William Sibby was the conductor.

An unfortunate incident occurred as the train was crossing the Estero near the end of its journey. William Dover, an old sailor and long-time resident, started for his home on Yanonali Street after imbibing heavily. He was crossing the railroad trestle when fatigue took over, so he sat down to rest. Soon the train came along, hit and seriously injured him, which accident was conceived as an ill omen. Dover made a partial recovery and sued the railroad a year later, but lost his case.

Two hours after the arrival of the Los Angeles train, the special train from San Francisco pulled in with six Pullman sleepers, a car for the Presidio band of San Francisco, a kitchen car and a Dennison dining car with E.S. Dennison in charge. The new style dining car and the locomotive attracted special attention. R.W. Kelly was the engineer of SP No. 216, a Ten-wheeler (4-6-0) constructed in SP's Sacramento shops and completed just seven weeks before. It was one of the last locomotives designed by A.J. Stevens, the famed General Master Mechanic of the Sacramento shops, for he died the following year. This locomotive was designed with long-stroke pistons and spent its last days in Oregon before its scrapping in 1925. (R.W. Kelly was the conductor of this train.)

That Friday night, the Presidio band performed at the Arlington Hotel where a banquet followed the concert. The prominent visitors were guests of fifty local citizens and Judge Charles Fernald presided over the banquet. In the dining room were three tables of floral decorations, one representing a train alongside Santa Barbara's projected depot, while the other two depicted a ship of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club and, with a touch of nostalgia, the *Orizaba*, the steamer which had brought so many people to Santa Barbara.

Early Saturday morning, August 20, 1887, the moist fog cleared, so the dawn was bright and clear for the Jubilee. At ten that morning, a ten-car special from Ventura arrived, bringing over 1,000 people for the celebration. The parade assembled on lower State Street and went up to the Arlington before retracing its steps to the beach and then disbanding at Burton Mound (near Chapala and West Cabrillo Boulevard). Dr.C.S. Stoddard was the grand marshal of the parade which at times stretched nearly a mile. The entrants included Professor J.E. Green and his sixteen-piece band, the fire departments and numerous flowered floats.

Judge E.H. Heacock introduced the speakers at Burton Mound, but the throng was more interested in the food heaped on 24 tables, including a ton of fruit which was donated by Ventura growers. During the afternoon's activities, another trainload of visitors came from Los Angeles. The poor timing of their arrival was the result of confusion in Los Angeles. With the arrival of this train, there were over 1,500 strangers in Santa Barbara who had arrived by rail within two days. It was observed that the crowd was most orderly.

Although the celebration had been staged entirely in Santa Barbara, Ventura was not to be left out. En route to Santa Barbara, all trains paused long enough for Ventura boosters to board with baskets of fruit which they distributed to some 1,100 people as the trains ran along the Rincon. And that alone was not enough, for Ventura citizens arranged for the returning San Francisco train's schedule to be leisurely, to permit a two-hour visit in Ventura. A committee, headed by A.L. Webb, invited one and all to enjoy carriage rides around Ventura and almost 100 train passengers responded to this invitation.

When the large Santa Barbara crowd waved good-bye to the passengers of the San Francisco train, little did the riders foresee difficulties. Perhaps the omen was responsible, but in any event, the local train to Los Angeles was derailed two miles east of Camulos. Several cars were badly smashed, but luckily there were only a few minor injuries. However, this train, preceding the San Francisco train, effectively blocked the track and delayed its passage for many hours.

In the midst of the excitement, the delivery of two new horse cars by special train was made on August 19. Lettered *Citizens' Railway Company* and numbered 6 and 7, this shipment probably constituted the first commercial freight received in Santa Barbara by rail.

When the last of the visitors departed, life became quieter in the pueblo as the strings of flags across State Street were removed. The Jubilee Committee, which had a problem in raising sufficient funds for the celebration, was now confronted with the easier task of deciding what to do with surplus funds made possible because the crowd was somewhat smaller than first expected. George W. Lippman, the SP ticket agent, was busy selling tickets and about 100 passengers were riding the train every day in each direction. Undoubtedly the reduction in fares to Los Angeles to $3.35 encouraged more travel and, at three cents a mile, this rate was in sharp contrast with the seven-cent fare on the Pacific Coast Railway. While the reduction in Los Angeles' fares took former steamship pasengers, San Francisco-bound passengers still favored the steamships, even though the rail fare was reduced from $23 to $15, the same as the Los Angeles rate.

At the end of August, the graders were working just beyond Hope Ranch; Vieja Drive marks much of the initial route of the railroad. After leaving Hope Ranch, the railroad followed Atascadero Creek to the gauging station (opposite Patterson Avenue) before turning northwest to traverse the northern edge of the present

airport. Shipments of rail began to trickle in, but track laying had to wait for the pile driver to finish several crossings of Mission Creek. By September 10, the end of track was at Micheltorena Street waiting for the completion of another crossing of Mission Creek. Five days later, the rails had been laid to the city limits (Mission Street), where work was briefly suspended pending settlement of a right of way dispute.

Early in October 1887, "The Front" was at Hope Ranch house and finally the location of the Goleta depot was established. At the end of that month, graders were working on Ellwood Cooper's ranch and the track extended as far as J.F. More's ranch house.

On November 1, an officers' special arrived in Santa Barbara and continued to the end of track, at which point Charles Crocker, A.N. Towne, J.H. Strobridge (former SP construction boss) and others found carriages ready to take them to the end of the graded line on Cooper's ranch. What the men said among themselves will never be known, but when they stopped briefly in Santa Barbara on the return trip, they engaged in pleasantries and offered flattering comments about the community. Nothing was said about railroad construction when talking with local scribes.

Charles Crocker spent ten days in Southern California, not only inspecting SP lines but also various lines of the Santa Fe, including the route to San Diego. Writing to Collis P. Huntington in New York on November 5, Crocker told about his trip, predicting that the boom would last (it didn't), but not once did he refer to Santa Barbara. Instead, he spoke of well-placed AT&SF branches "coming between us and the most productive portions of the country" around Los Angeles. Crocker wished "we had five millions now to use in that country" to build competitive branches. He went on to say "we are woefully short of motive power," but conceded that there was a shortage of money for that purpose.

SP made no formal announcement of suspension of work; instead, the word came from an employee at Ellwood Cooper's ranch on November 22. Exactly what happened in the three weeks after Crocker's visit will remain a secret, for no correspondence files extant discuss the subject. Perhaps the answer might be found in coded telegrams.

And so the full Ventura Division of the Southern Pacific to Ellwood was opened for traffic on December 21, 1887. A small station was served by mixed trains on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Halting work at Ellwood, eleven miles from Santa Barbara, created a branch with little traffic value, a condition which would not have been improved had the track been pushed another four miles to Naples, twenty miles to Gaviota or an additional fifty miles. The country was largely undeveloped.

Ellwood was the logical place to pause, for the topography changed as the mountains, being closer to the sea, confronted builders with deep canyons to cross. Whether by earth fills or viaducts, the next section of the railroad would be far more costly than previous sections.

Another factor was "the fork in the road" which SP faced at Gaviota. One way, the one finally adopted, continued along the coast around Point Conception, while the other climbed over Gaviota Pass and headed for the Santa Ynez Valley.

Back in the early part of 1886, H.D. La Motte, SP's right of way agent, secured a commitment from W.W. Hollister for land for the railroad through Gaviota Pass with the proviso that a location survey be made by October 1886. Surveyors,

working under the direction of Joseph Hood, brother of SP's chief engineer, completed this requirement on August 6. Although Col. Hollister died two days later without signing the deed, his executors agreed to convey the right of way. In September 1887, W.B. Story's crew made another survey through Gaviota Pass but his findings were not released. In any event, the suspension of construction postponed the time of decision of a choice of routes.

* * *

In Santa Barbara, there was continued construction among various industries. The expansion of the street railway system was undisturbed with the change of ownership, but horse cars were to be the source of motive power until electrification was phased in over several months beginning in October 1896. Southern Pacific carpenters were building stations and Santa Barbara soon found itself with not one but three stations. The main station, designated "Santa Barbara," was a combination freight and passenger station on the east side of town between Mason and Yanonali Streets. The building, 200 feet long, also contained the telegraph office; nearby was the engine terminal.

For the first four months, Santa Barbara trains arrived and departed from the Mason Street station while it was under construction. At the same time, an uptown station was being erected on Rancheria Street, between Victoria and Anapamu Streets. When it was opened December 21, 1887, "Victoria Street" was the principal station. The following spring the horse-car line operated along Anapamu Street to link the uptown station with State Street. Responding to the needs of lower State Street businessmen, trains also stopped, commencing the following spring at a small station at Chapala and Gutierrez Streets. SP also had a city ticket office in various buildings along State Street. In 1887, it was in the Hawley Building, still standing in the 1200 block of State Street. About this time, carpenters completed stations at Ortega, Montecito and Goleta.

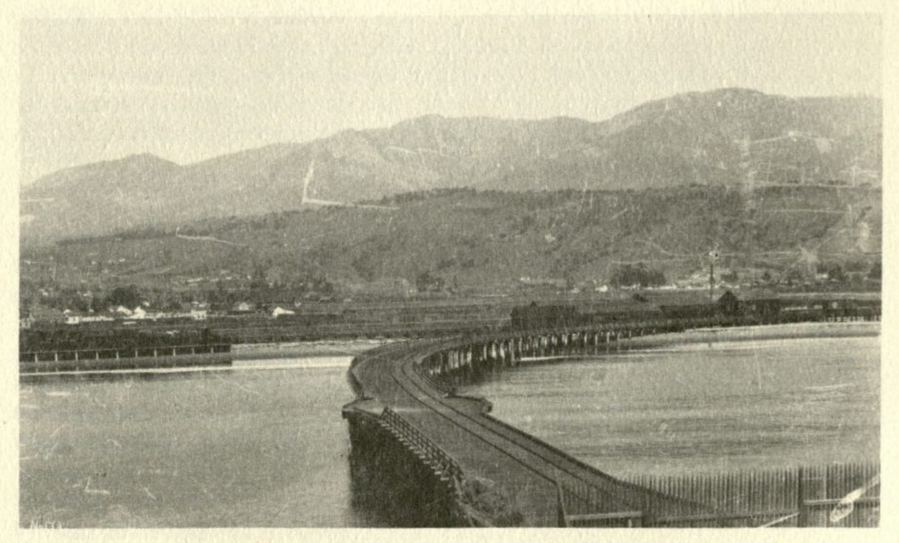
Passenger service was wholly unreliable, as trains were often two or three hours late. When the train arrived on time, it was news. Slides blocked the railroad from time to time, but the principal cause of delay was the late arrival of the connecting southbound train from San Francisco. When this train arrived behind schedule at Saugus, it seemed to compound delays of the Santa Barbara local. Still, passengers began to utilize the train rather than the coastal steamer and, effective February 5, 1888, two pairs of daily trains served Santa Barbara. During the winter months, a through sleeping car was operated between Santa Barbara and San Francisco, going by way of Saugus.

The suspension of work at Ellwood, initially expected to last only a few months, grew to a year, then another and another until almost 14 years went by. "The Gap" traversed difficult terrain with construction challenges as described in succeeding chapters.

There was a short but interesting railroad connection in Santa Barbara. It was first built to a lumber yard at the foot of State Street and then, using part of this connection, a spur was built on Stearns Wharf.

The Wharf Connection

The railroad wharf, east of Stearns wharf and now gone for many decades, was built as a private venture and not under the aegis of Southern Pacific. It has been the subject of considerable speculation among historians. First announced in October 1887, the private track had to jump some franchise hurdles before construction



Railroad spur on Stearns' Wharf, an early major extension, which lasted until the early 1920s. Santa Barbara Lumber Co. on pilings, left, background. S.B. Historical Society

could begin. It was constructed in two stages.

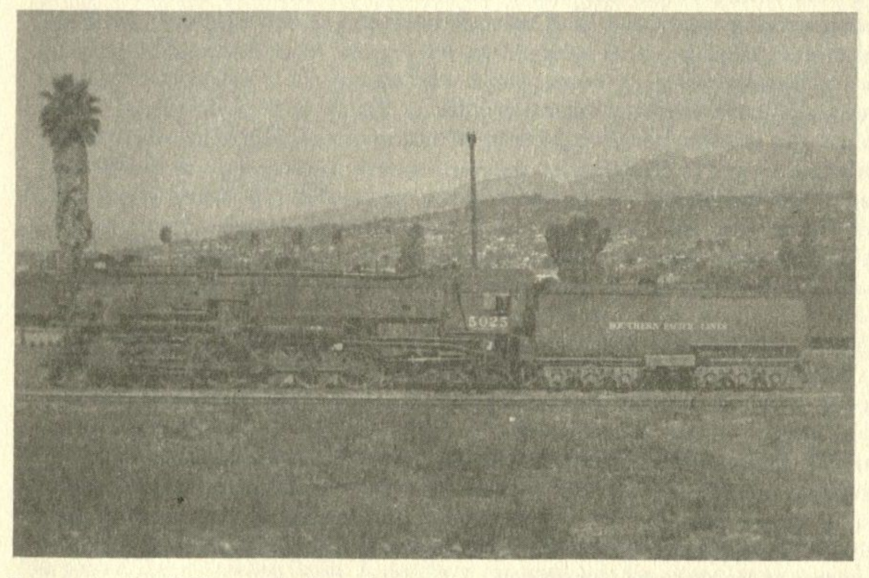
Initially, the railroad spur was built from the Southern Pacific tracks, along Carpinteria Street to the ocean front and continued almost to State Street where the yards of the Santa Barbara Lumber Co. were situated.

Work got under way in November and by Christmas the roadbed was graded as far west as the Estero where the pile driver was pounding timbers for a crossing. The lumber yard was built on a large platform resting on piles at the waterfront, just east of State Street. The work on the railroad spur continued and, on January 27, 1888, a switch engine ran over the brand-new track, picked up two cars of lumber, returned to the yards and spotted the two cars for inclusion in the next southbound train.

The next phase of construction was to drive piles for the 1,450-foot railroad wharf. It was a slow process, but by the end of June the railroad tracks ran out on the wharf, having been temporarily halted near the large gate because of a shortage of spikes. On August 14, 1888, the first trans-shipment of lumber by rail at Santa Barbara was made. Three freight cars were run out to the end of the wharf where they were loaded with lumber from the schooner *Fidelity* and then dispatched to Santa Paula.

The life span of the railroad arm of Stearns wharf is one of conjecture because of fragmentary evidence, sometimes conflicting. In October 1905, the *Press* stated that Southern Pacific was removing rails from the wharf as that spur had been "little used," and that the four-block long railroad trestle, between Salsipuedes and Santa Barbara Streets was to be dismantled. This was part of an agreement with the city under which SP turned the ocean front over to the city for park purposes but retained the right to continue serving the wharf. Accordingly, in February 1906, SP extended its Carpinteria Street spur with a southerly turn and crossed East (Cabrillo) Boulevard opposite Garden Street. The wharf company was to construct a 290-foot trestle and lay a track on it to connect with the SP spur.

Just when the railroad spur was removed from the wharf for the last time and just when the major part of the "railroad wharf" was dismantled is a question to be solved by additional research. The Carpinteria Street track was shown on SP maps of 1916, still connecting with the wharf, but when it was finally retired in March 1923 it was said not to have been used for a number of years.



Locomotive No. 5025, one of a fleet of 49, built by Alco in 1926. The mainly unpopulated Riviera and Santa Ynez Mountains are behind the engine on the rip track in the Santa Barbara yards. **Robert E. McNeel**

TRAINS FROM THE NORTH

Southern Pacific tracks reached Templeton, a new station near the upper end of the Salinas Valley, in November 1886. Efforts were then concentrated on the southern portion of the line until construction was halted at Ellwood in December 1887. Some time elapsed before work was resumed at Templeton and a 14-mile extension brought the iron horse to Santa Margarita in January 1889. This was 123 miles from Ellwood, not a great distance, considering that the same Big Four had pushed the Central Pacific across Nevada and Utah, a distance of 501 miles, in less than ten months. Most of that line was along the Humboldt River, but here was a mountain barrier necessitating tunnels to be followed by large fills and major viaducts and bridges. Almost every other month, some "authentic report" would surface saying that "The Gap" would be closed within the next twelve months. But each time, the span measured the same 123 miles as before and disappointment and frustration mounted.

Starting around Christmas of 1891, SP contractors slowly pushed the railroad over the mountains and down the coast. Except for two years, when economic conditions all but suspended the work, good progress was reported annually. In contrast, no work was done at the southern end until 1899, and when the two

sections met at the close of 1900, the northern extension had built 104 miles, as related in this chapter. The southern section, which constructed only 19 miles in a westerly direction, is described in the following chapter.

Col. Charles F. Crocker, the son of Charles Crocker of the Big Four and locally known as "Col. Fred," managed the SP's lines west of El Paso from his San Francisco office, but regularly conferred with Collis P. Huntington in New York. In a letter written in May 1887 listing the various lines under construction, there was no mention of the Coast Line, but there was mention of the projected line from San Miguel 25 miles southeasterly along the Estrella River as far as the present town of Shandon as part of the connection with Bakersfield. To complete the Coast Line would have required issuance of some $5,000,000 of SP Railroad 5% bonds which, with property taxes, would result in an annual charge in excess of $300,000. Both Crocker and Huntington felt that the area was insufficiently developed and that a railroad would be a money-losing proposition. A steady stream of individuals from Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties called on SP officials in San Francisco expressing the importance of closing The Gap. Each visitor reported that he was graciously received, but invariably the answer was a polite "no."

There had been some right of way problems in San Luis Obispo which caused the railroad to run surveys east of the city and enjoy more favorable grades, which brought local concern. By this time, interested citizens in Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties banded together to find a solution. In May 1890, the Santa Barbara committee was organized with banker W.M. Eddy at its head. San Jose merchants sponsored a meeting on June 25, 1890 to consider the matter. Every coastal county between Los Angeles and San Francisco was represented, and Ellwood Cooper, the prominent Santa Barbara agriculturalist, was chosen president of the Railroad Convention.

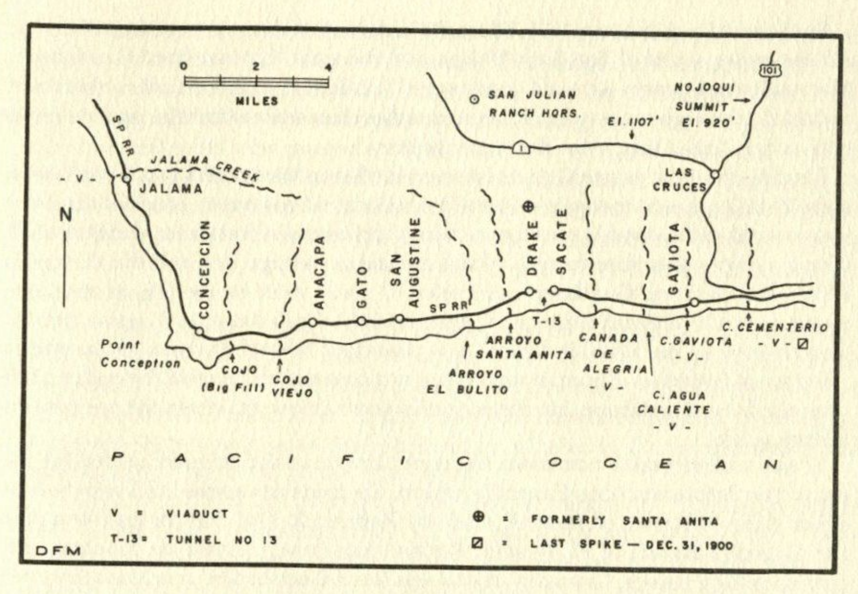
The Convention proposed to secure the necessary right of way between Santa Margarita and Ellwood for the railroad and also to pay SP $315,000 over a two-year period after the railroad was opened. SP was to commence construction "and proceed diligently and continuously" to complete the line within twelve months. The convention closed with the appointment of a standing committee of three citizens from each county to implement the resolution of the convention.

Col. Fred, after conferring with Huntington, said that, subject to striking out the construction time limitation, SP was ready to accept the proposal of the Convention.

The committee met August 11 and, unlike the previous meeting, Crocker was present. Ellwood Cooper said that no money could be raised if the completion date were extended beyond eighteen months. Crocker wisely refused to accept any time limit so, as a compromise, the committee agreed to finish the right of way, but withdrew the cash subsidy. Crocker agreed to submit this proposal to Huntington.

Some months went by with Huntington insisting on a cash subsidy even though Crocker reiterated his view that the people of the committee could not raise $315,000. Finally, in November 1891, the San Luis Obispo right of way committee informed Crocker that it had secured the necessary land and that the Santa Barbara committee would have its work finished in another thirty days.

The next step was up to the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was only seventeen miles to San Luis Obispo, but the Santa Lucia Mountains were a formidable obstruction. However, William Hood and his engineers devised a way to overcome



Map: Railroad Route, Jalama to Cementerio.

the barrier by adding extra mileage and accepting ruling grades of 2.2%. Seven tunnels were required, together with a 931-foot steel trestle at Goldtree and a large loop, but the railroad surmounted the Cuesta grade.

Just before Christmas of 1891, SP contractors began work and drillers tackled the first tunnel the following April. It had been expected that the tunnel work would require three years, but the tunnel workers moved faster, so that construction trains were passing through the tunnels in March 1894. The line from San Francisco to San Luis Obispo was opened May 4, 1894 and a large celebration was staged.

This improved travel between Santa Barbara and San Francisco, but it required careful coordination. Santa Barbara passengers took the stage to Los Olivos, spent the night at Mattei's Tavern, and then took the narrow gauge for San Luis Obispo. The second morning they boarded the wide gauge cars and arrived in San Francisco that evening. It was not as speedy as the coastal steamer (about 30 hours), or by taking the train to Saugus and transferring to the San Francisco connection, but some people favored the San Luis Obispo route.

Southern Pacific Enters Northern Santa Barbara County

While graders were working southward from San Luis Obispo to Edna and Oak Park Hills at Christmas of 1894, some advance forces had moved across the Santa Maria River to enter Santa Barbara County. Guadalupe, located almost on the south bank of the river, was a long-established community, having had its post office for two decades.

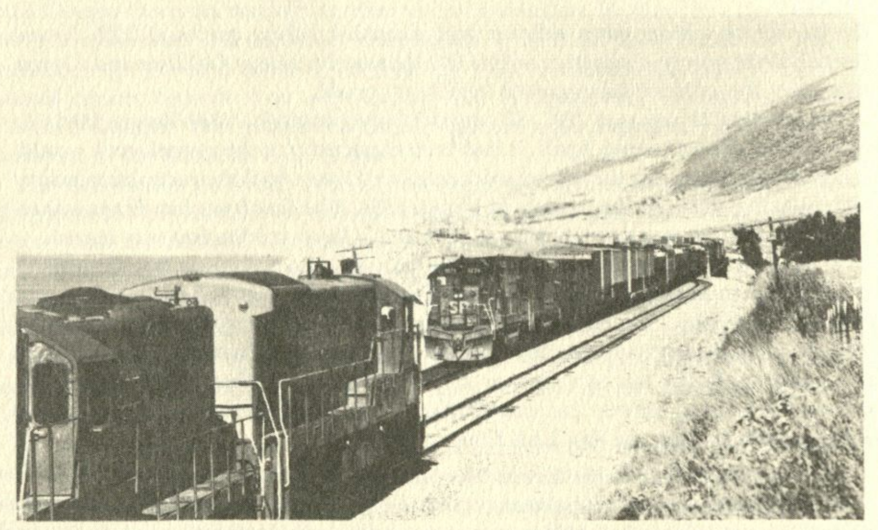
According to the Guadalupe *Reporter*, Stone and McMurtrie had their grading outfit working on the north edge of town. It was one of several outfits of that firm and consisted of thirty men in charge of twenty-two teams.*

*Col. George Stone was active in California Republican politics and James A. McMurtrie was formerly chief engineer of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Co.

By the middle of January 1895, SP tracks had reached the new townsite of Grover, a dozen miles south of San Luis Obispo and the same distance from Guadalupe. The residents of nearby Arroyo Grande were "jubilant," for this would enable them to board a through train to San Francisco rather than switch from the narrow-gauge cars at San Luis Obispo for the same journey.

Finding the most practical route between the Santa Maria and Santa Ynez Rivers, some 25 miles, posed special problems for the location engineers. Much of the shore was covered with unstable sand, except for the mountain barrier around Point Sal. The surveyors therefore turned inland to find a passage through the Casmalia Hills. After leaving Guadalupe, the selected route went by the lake of the same name, opposite Waldorf siding and then traversed the Punta de La Laguna Ranch, then owned by the Elisalde family, to a point just beyond Shuman (Schuman), a distance of five miles. Shuman station was at a summit and marked the end of a 300-foot rise from Guadalupe, but the engineers were able to maintain the one per cent ruling grade.

It was a comfortable run down Shuman Canyon as the railroad headed for the coast. Just before reaching Casmalia station, the route ran across the Todos Santos y San Antonio Ranch of James R. Ord and Rebecca R. Ord Peshine and then over the Casmalia Ranch of H. Dutard. Rather than being located on ranches with corresponding names, Casmalia station was located on the Ord ranch and Antonio was on the Dutard ranch.



Northbound train on siding at Gaviota Station, southbound train with load of piggyback trailers headed for Los Angeles, 1979.

Because several months would be required to set the piers and assemble the steel frame bridge over the Santa Maria River, a pile driver set piles for a temporary crossing just upriver from the site of the steel bridge. And when the first train, consisting of SP engine No. 1614 and several cars arrived in Guadalupe in March, there were two welcoming committees. One was the citizens, but the larger group was the contruction workers who were especially glad to see the pay car on the train.

Attention was focused on the Santa Maria River bridge in February, 1895 after the contract had been let to William A. Seaman. The bridge, 1,283 feet in length, rested on seven piers, and for each pier it was necessary for the pile driver to sink 7 x 12-inch planking 32 feet. When the piles formed a casing, the water was pumped out, concrete and rocks were poured in, and, if all went well, the bridge pier would be ready for its cap. However, not all went smoothly; quicksand caused problems. The bridge foreman, Thomas Davis, almost lost machinery on four occasions in sudden cave-ins. One bright spring morning, an embankment suddenly dropped eighteen feet, much to the surprise of a workman standing quietly on the top; fortunately, he was rescued in time.

Steel spans began arriving in San Luis Obispo on flat cars, but were shunted to side tracks in the yards until Seamans was ready to begin work on the superstructure. By now, there were 300 men on this bridge job, with some working nights and others filling in on Sundays. But work had to be curtailed for two days as hurricane-force winds came, and men, almost blinded by flying sand, had trouble maintaining a foothold on the framework.

Indeed, this bridge was impressive; one observer remarked: "The mechanism for this bridge is an interesting study for the machinist and philosopher." Better weather enabled the crews to finish their work near the end of June 1896, a full month ahead of earlier forecasts. It was a job well done, and to celebrate, the crew enjoyed a two-day party complete with a band from San Luis Obispo.

While the bridge builders were at work, construction trains were bringing in supplies and sometimes additional workmen, landing them at Guadalupe where wagons took over for the balance of the haul to the grading camps. Some camps were already established in the Casmalia Hills, just beyond the boundary of René de Tocqueville's Guadalupe Ranch; another group of families were located just north of Shuman summit while still another camp was nestled in the foothills south of Elisalde ranch. Ground was broken in Shuman Canyon on March 11, and soon Ericson had ninety men at work with horses and scrapers.

The air was full of rumors and speculation. The editor of the Lompoc *Record* told his readers that it would cost more to build the railroad along the coast than putting Lompoc on the main line; just how he determined his cost figures was an unresolved question. Two routes below Lompoc were suggested. One would go south along San Miguelito Creek, pierce the mountains with a long tunnel and then continue along the coast to Santa Barbara. The other route was to follow El Jaro Creek through the San Julian Ranch, over the summit to Las Cruces and over Gaviota Pass to the ocean.

But Mr. Eccles, boss of the railroad's survey team, failed to be persuaded by the Lompoc editor's logic, for he continued with his survey down the coast below the Santa Ynez River. At the end of March 1895, the men had set stakes close by the Point Arguello lighthouse, then near William H. Sudden's ranch house before moving their camp to Jalama Creek, not far from the old adobe. By mid-July, the Eccles group of 22 men had reached Ellwood, but some wishful thinking still prevailed that the railroad might come through Lompoc and the San Julian Ranch.

Anticipating the completion of the Santa Maria River bridge and the opening of the railroad to Guadalupe, a gang of thirty SP carpenters arrived and soon erected the Guadalupe station and warehouse. Almost every day, the supply train brought in a number of men under contract to work on the grade. Many did not join the

grading forces but found employment on local ranches. Still, this time, a good number of workmen were spread along the route from John L. Shuman's Gilt Edge Creamery to Shuman Canyon, once a right of way difficulty had been resolved. One observer noted that the civil engineers called for borrow from cuts to fill in the swales—some a quarter of a mile long. By the combination of earth fills and stone culverts, short trestles were avoided.

On July 1, 1895, Pacific Improvement Company, the general contractor, turned over the 24-mile section between San Luis Obispo and Guadalupe to the Operating Department of the Southern Pacific Company, which company owned the stock of the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. and operated that property under lease. Early in the morning of July 1, the first regular freight train pulled out of Guadalupe with 28 cars of local freight destined to San Francisco. At 8:30, about six hours later that same morning, the first passenger train departed for the Bay city.

The Foxen Cañon Electric Railway (Proposed)

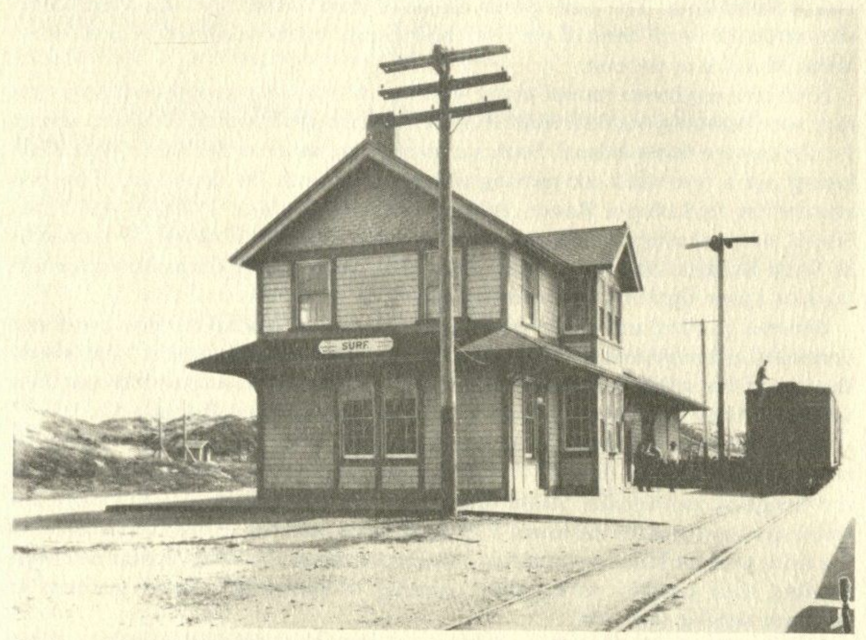
Santa Maria residents were envious of Guadalupe when that city secured a direct railroad to San Francisco in contrast with the narrow-gauge Pacific Coast Railway with its whims and wheezes, a situation prevailing since 1882. As it was nearly nine miles to Guadalupe, some prominent Santa Maria men contemplated construction of a rail link between the two places with extensions beyond both cities. Dr. W.F. Lucas was one of the promoters in the spring of 1895. The other two men were William L. Adams and J.F. Goodwin whose local interests included banking, oil, the electric power company; later on they participated in Union Sugar Co.

Under the name of the Foxen Cañon Electric Railway, the promoters planned to build an electric railway starting at Sisquoc (Catholic) Chapel, at the junction of Foxen and Sisquoc Creeks, then northwesterly along the county road via Fulger's Point to Santa Maria, where, at Main and Broadway, the railroad would head for Guadalupe and then some undisclosed point on the coast. A county franchise was secured on July 5, 1895, but that was the easy part. The problem of raising funds for construction during the dark days of the 1890's was virtually impossible, and the project quietly faded away. However, about fifteen years later, other railroads were along parts of this projected route.

Southern Pacific's route, curving through the Casmalia HIlls, required heavy grading. At the time regular operations to Guadalupe began, much work had been accomplished, but contractor Charles Erickson was expected to take another five or six months to complete his three-mile contract ending at Shuman Summit. At this point, Kearney, Roy and Higbee's contract began, which they were fulfilling with 60 mens and 32 teams. Just south of Guadalupe, masons were building stone culverts soon to be covered with earth fill and were reported to be doing excellent work.

Near the end of that summer, there were four railroad camps spread along the twenty miles below Guadalupe and The Gap was shrinking even if slowly. The editor of the San Luis Obispo *Tribune* raced ahead of the workers and projected the spiking of the rails at the Santa Ynez River by December first. Certainly this is what the *Tribune* readers wanted to hear, but this forecast was about seven months premature. One good omen was the arrival of five cars of rail at Guadalupe and the word that Pat McKay was finishing his contract "with even more vigor." With the construction activity only a few hours' ride from Lompoc, a number of citizens visited the site and reported the progress on their return.

The activity of the contractors' teams boosted the demand for hay which boosted



Station at Surf, in which station agent and family lived upstairs. Swing, (left) for children. Brakeman is "tying down" a box car near the platform.

prices. The local economy was also aided by contractors hiring farmers' teams, and the compensation was particularly welcome as the farmers, like the railroads and others, were going through tough times.

In December 1895, track layers were busy south of Guadalupe and at the end of the month, the 3.4-mile section to Lake was opened to traffic. Lake was but a temporary station and was soon replaced by Waldorf, almost a mile further south. Both points were close to Guadalupe Lake.

On January 30, 1896, the completion of another seven miles through the Casmalia Hills extended the line to Someo station which soon was renamed Casmalia.

For a brief period, Casmalia became an important transfer point. Instead of the twice-weekly mixed train, Ellwood enjoyed daily service from Los Angeles effective February 23, 1896. Here Norman Wines' stages conveyed passengers to Lompoc and on to Casmalia where the steam cars took them to San Francisco. Apparently the use of this new service failed to meet expectations, so it was discontinued a month later.

When the track layers had been working in Shuman Canyon, a force of bridge builders were busy erectig a steel viaduct, 721 feet long, over Los Alamos (San Antonio Creek). The creek was not wide, but the swampy land around the creek made the steel trestle the best solution. The seven miles from Casmalia, passing through Antonio and Narlon, was opened to Viaduct, a short-lived station name at Los Alamos Creek, on April 6, 1896.

Continuing southward across the Jesus Maria ranch (owned by several parties), regular operations to Tangair commenced on June 1; ten days later, the rail head

was at Santa Ynez. The latter point, 25 miles from Guadalupe, was a temporary station on the north bank of the river, and should not be confused with the town about 30 miles to the east.

Nine civil engineers moved along with the railroad as it progressed; for a time they were boarding with Sylvester Dunsdell at Lompoc Landing, an old roadstead for the city ten miles inland. Soon surveyors were south of the Santa Ynez River laying out a wye track for turning trains, along with the depot site. This was situated on the Lompoc Ranch. Initially, the owners, Isaac F. Fisher and Frank Smith, were not receptive to the railroad intrusion, but R.B. Canfield, SP's attorney in Santa Barbara, resolved the differences. People in Lompoc considered the wye track as a sure sign of a forthcoming branch to their city.

Between grading and bridge contractors, there were several hundred workmen domiciled at Bridgeport, a newly created town a short distance east of today's Surf. Because of this influx, Lompoc Precinct No. 4 was formed in August 1896 and there were 127 voters registered, including some transferred from Precinct No. 3.

Using a temporary bridge across the Santa Ynez River, the railroad reached the new station of Surf on August 18, 1896 and the next evening the first train entered the fledgling metropolis. Steam dredges were scooping up the sand hills and forming a level area for the town. The warehouses, still located on the north side of the river, were built to accommodate the wheat farmers; however, the farmers were hauling their produce to Lompoc Landing to encourage coastal steamers to continue serving that port.

Work on the Santa Ynez River bridge, some 546 feet long, moved slowly, but it finally was finished just before Christmas of 1896. The previous month Bridgeport ceased to exist when all the buildings were moved to Surf. Surf was 304 miles from San Francisco, but still 56 miles from Ellwood; financial conditions across the country suspended major work on the Coast Line for over a year.

The decade of the 1890's was one of the most difficult in Western railroad history. Several major carriers, such as the Santa Fe, Union Pacific and Northern Pacific had been forced into bankruptcy by the depression which began with the financial panic of June 27, 1893 and continued for several years. Writing to the stockholders of the Southern Pacific Company and describing the fiscal year of June 30, 1896, Huntington said: "The year of 1896 was one of unremitting business depression." Southern Pacific Company stockholders had received no dividends since the company was organized in 1884 and would have to wait another dozen years before the first dividend was paid.

Huntington was now the last of the Big Four and was mastering the problems without the counsel of his former partners. Even Charles F. Crocker, "Col. Fred," died July 17, 1897 leaving only Henry B. Huntington to assist his Uncle Collis. About this time, the maturing Central Pacific debt owed the Federal government was of such magnitude that its ramifications not only threatened Huntington's empire, but also placed the very existence of Stanford University in jeopardy. Corporate survival held top priority, something local people failed to recognize, for to them completion of the Coast Line was all-important.

William M. Eddy, in answer to critics in May 1895, maintained that SP had not violated the right of way agreement and pointed to one clause which stated that Southern Pacific was to "commence work and continue the same without an unusual stoppage until it is completed. But the Southern Pacific Company is to be the sole judge as to the number of men it shall employ." The Committee felt that,

were it not for the Panic of 1893, the line would have been completed. It also reminded subscribers to pay their notes promptly, so that the Committee could purchase the remaining necessary right of way.

Location of Bridges and Tunnels between Surf and Ellwood

Mile Post		Location	Length (feet)
302.7		SURF	*
308.2		Cañada Honda	541
318.3		Tunnel 12 (elim. 1956-58)	811
320.3		Jalama Canyon	451
325.3		CONCEPCION	*
334.4		Tunnel 13 (elim. 1942-43)	715
336.1		Alegria Canyon	636
337.2		Agua Caliente Canyon	431
338.6		Gaviota Canyon	811
339.8	#	Cementerio Canyon	751
343.6		Arroyo Hondo Canyon	541
348.0		Refugio Canyon	60
350.7		El Capitan Canyon	751
354.4		Dos Pueblos Canyon	661
355.0		NAPLES	*
358.9		ELLWOOD	*

*Station for location purposes.
Last spike driven here December 31, 1900.

Four More Years to Go

Reports of construction along the coast below Surf during 1897 and 1898 were scarce simply because usually there was nothing to report. At most, there never was more than a handful of men and a team or two going through themotions of building a railroad. There was a report in April 1898 that the railroad force below Surf had been "slightly increased," but it did little to compress The Gap.

Actually, the construction gang did carve a roadbed for seven miles along the bleak shore line between Surf and Cañada Honda. Close to the bluff in places and within a stone's throw of the ocean, this was part of the wonderfully scenic shore line route between Surf and Ventura. However, its location created unusual problems because of drifting sands or the encroaching sea. In many places, protective sea walls were necessary.

Southern Pacific said little about its plans, so there was some quiet cheering when *The Morning Press* of Santa Barbara of November 19, 1898 picked up an item from the *Breeze* telling of the arrival of ten cars of heavy steel rails in San Luis Obispo. This event encouraged many who felt that more diligent railroad construction was in store for the area.

Even more important was the general upturn in business conditions in which SP was beginning to share the benefits. Shortly before the fortuitous news about the arrival of the carloads of rail, Southern Pacific Railroad offered $10,000,000 of its First Mortgage 5% Bonds at 101½, to which investors responded by oversubscribing five times. And, though it was not fully announced until February 18, 1899, the

plan for the settlement of the Central Pacific R.R. due the Government leaked to the nation's press. (The entire $58.8 million debt was paid off over ten years ending in 1909.) Even without a formal announcement, the solution to this nagging problem, coupled with a better business climate, brightened the outlook for more intensive work on The Gap.

Tracks were laid to (Arroyo) Honda* by mid-December of 1898 after several weeks's work, and were ballasted the following month. There was no word released about future plans, but there was plenty of speculation and wishful thinking. Alert citizens noted tell-tale signs such as grade stakes springing up along the right of way. George Stone and James A. McMurtrie, contractors, were buying horses from local ranchers and camp supplies from merchants. As February 1899 began, the work force had been enlarged to 150 men, certainly a good indication. At the same time, to encourage passenger traffic over the new line, a through Pullman sleeper was operated between San Francisco and Surf where the connecting stage completed the journey to Santa Barbara. Since the northbound train departed from Surf in the wee hours of the morning, passengers were permitted to occupy their berths at a normal bedtime the night before.

The major engineering features of the 56 miles between Surf and Ellwood were heavy fills, two tunnels and nine steel viaducts, averaging 619 feet long and generally 75 to 80 feet high. Of most immediate concern was the construction of the 541-foot viaduct at Honda, as future railroad construction depended on trains moving across this canyon.

Honda today consists of a long passing track on the north side of the arroyo with an absence of railroad builings or population. Still Honda has been in the news in past years because of tragedies. On May 11, 1907, a special train of Shriners left Santa Barbara shortly after noon under normal conditions. Several hours later, the train left the tracks near Honda and 27 people lost their lives. Many of the victims were from Reading, Pennsylvania. In 1923, seven U.S. Navy destroyers went on the rocks with a loss of almost two dozen men. Eight years later, the *Harvard*, which shared the popular overnight run between Los Angeles and San Francisco with the *Yale*, was caught on a reef. This time all passengers and crew were safely removed from the stranded vessel.

In April, 1899, when right of way matters became unraveled west of Ellwood, work was continuing at Honda and points southward. Col. George Stone, pleased with the progress, foresaw the opening of the line by March 1, 1900. The stone footings for the Honda bridge had been finished, but W.E. Marsh, SP's bridge engineer supervising the job, cautioned that the pace of future work depended on the winds. Strong winds would make the handling of sixty-foot beams unwieldy and thus slow the work. Bridge assembly was scheduled to begin about April 20.

The area, almost inaccessible, presented a challenge in logistics. An attempt to deliver lumber from a ship to shore near Point Conception by a cable line almost resulted in a naval tragedy. On April 11, 1899, Captain Gunderson left the *Alcazar* with three men in a small boat and successfully strung a 300-foot cable to the beach, tying it to a winch. Returning to the steamer, the surf inverted their boat three times, so the captain decided to head for shore when an enormous wave dumped the men in the water again. After a desperate struggle, the men, one by one, managed to get to shore and crawled on the beach utterly exhausted. After resting, the captain signaled the ship to go further down the coast where another boat was able to return the four men to their ship.

*The word Honda alone is spelled with an *a*; with a masculine noun, with an *o*.

A correspondent toured the seventeen miles between Honda and Point Conception in May 1899 to report on the work in that section. Otto Crossfield, superintendent of the Thompson Bridge Co., had the structure of the Honda viaduct well under way. On the other side of the arroyo, was the first of three grading camps of Stone & McMurtrie, marked by clusters of white tents. The rolling hills, separated by small streams running to the sea, were picturesque, but each hill and dale required a cut, drainage arch and a fill. Additional provisions had to be made for seepage.

Giant powder blasts in this area shattered rocks and also disturbed the quiet scene. Steam shovels dumped earth and rocks into cars which then moved over narrow gauge tracks for some distance—up to a half-mile—to the next arroyo to be filled.

South of Point Arguello, R.F. Smith & Co.'s contract called for 2½ miles of roadbed across Robert Sudden's Espada Ranch. (The name stems from a lost sword in the area.) While there was little rock work, winds of hurricane force blew so much sand that the workers had to wear eye goggles. In this section, sand fences were installed.

Provision was made for a long siding to become Sudden station. Subequently, besides a depot and corral, a section house and signal maintainer's house were erected at Sudden.

About a mile below the station, a hill loomed high above the ocean bluff which was pierced by tunnel No. 12. Carney, Roy & Higbee, contractors for this 811-foot tunnel, encounterd quicksand while drilling, but mastered the problem. (This tunnel was "daylighted" in 1956-58.) Between Honda and Point Conceptión, the major projects were the viaduct at Honda, the tunnel near Sudden and the viaduct across Jalama Canyon, the latter forming the boundary between the Espada and Cojo Ranches. Both of these ranches were part of the original Punta de la Concepción Ranch. "Cojo," the Spanish word for "lame," came about because early explorers encountered a crippled Indian chief near Cojo Bay.

Charles Erickson had another major contract here which measured five miles as it rounded Point Conception to end at Cojo Bay and the west line of the Santa Anita (Hollister) Ranch. Erickson's contract included the famed Cojo fill of 270,000 cubic yards, expected to be a six months' job.* Said to be the largest fill on SP lines, it came to the attention of the London *Times* which published a picture of the embankment and declared it to be the largest fill in the world!

In May 1899, there were no grading contracts let for the intervening 30 miles between Concepcion (station) and Naples because of unsettled right of way matters. Surveyors were still running their "final" lines in this area.

When the Honda viaduct was opened at the end of July 1899 after some three months' work, the ability to deliver equipment and materials by rail aided the

*Because of the change of names with the passage of time, the location of the two Cojo Canyons is difficult to identify on the contemporary U.S.G.S. Topographical Map titled: *Point Conception* (1953-1974).

A half-mile east of Concepcion station is Cañada Cojo which appears on the Topographic Map as a creek flowing from Wood Canyon. The S.P.R.R. crossed this creek on an immense fill measuring over 1,600 in length with a depth of 55 to 65 feet. Point Conception is spelled with a *t*, the station and ranch with a *c*.

A little more than a mile to the east of this fill is Cañada Cojo Viejo (old Cojo) which on the U.S.G.S. map is shown as Canada del Cojo. This fill is considerably smaller, being 1,200 feet long and generally 15 feet deep except in one place where it is 40 feet in depth.

construction work. Actually, the bridge was not entirely finished, for it had a second coat of paint to be applied.

Another barrier was removed near the end of August when the Espada Bluff tunnel (No. 12) was holed through and tracks were laid. The tunnel contractor packed up and went to the site of the second tunnel sixteen miles further down the coast.

In October the tracks extended to Jalama Creek, enabling work to begin the steel viaduct at that crossing.

Jalama remained the "end of track" even after the viaduct spanned the canyon in January 1900, for some unfinished grading served to bar the track layers.

Some weeks later the tracks were laid to Concepcion, 22.6 miles from Surf, and eight stock corrals were built at that point. Around April 10, 1900, Southern Pacific announced that construction trains would also handle commercial freight over this new trackage for delivery at Arguello, Sudden, Jalama and Concepcion stations. At this point, the coast turned eastward, as did the railroad, which continued to follow the coast. Just beyond Concepcion Charles Erickson, after many months' effort, completed the large Cojo fill about March 23. The largest fill on the line, it was finished about a week ahead of the heavy Eagle Canyon fill not far from Naples.

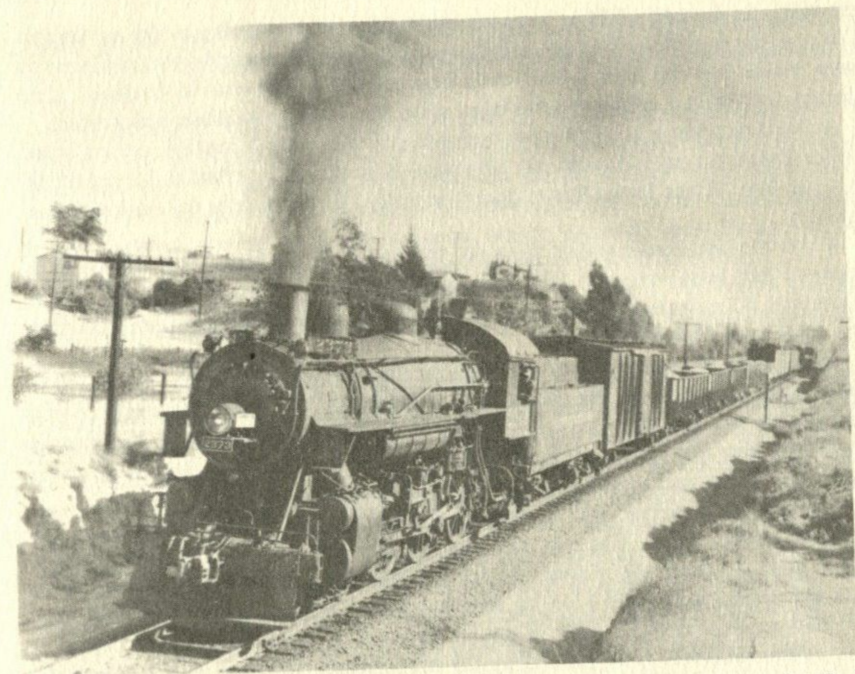
C.P. Huntington and William Hood were inspecting the Ellwood extension about this time and, on Sunday afternoon, March 25, on their return, the train paused at Victoria Street station in Santa Barbara while the engine was turned and fueled. A *Press* reporter called on Huntington and found him to be "an affable gentleman and an entertaining conversationalist." He enjoyed the interview, as Huntington touched on a variety of subjects. These included hard work, frugality and kindness to others, as well as the completion of the new Coast Line which Huntington expected would be by the first of September. Huntington also anticipated that trains would soon run from Los Angeles to San Francisco in ten hours but this feat was not achieved until several decades later.

Informed about the contemplated celebration and asked if he planned to participate, Huntington replied that he had too much work to do and that "I would be out of place." At this point in the conversation, he recalled that the Golden Spike celebration of 1869, which Stanford had attended, cost the railroad $600,000. Then lapsing into a spirit of frugality, he remarked: "I could have hired that spike driven for 25 cents."

This was Collis P. Huntington's last visit to Santa Barbara, and he was not destined to see The Gap closed, for he died suddenly August 13, 1900 at his summer home in the Adirondacks in New York.

* * * *

Securing a mutually satisfactory final agreement between Southern Pacific and the numerous Hollister relatives absorbed more time than initially expected, so the deeds were not signed until February 19, 1900. None the less, Southern Pacific, undoubtedly with proper assurances from the trustees of the Hollister estate, let grading contracts in October 1889. Before the month was out, there were seventeen camps with 1,000 men swarming over the landscape to convert it into a viable roadbed.



SP No. 2373, a 4-6-0 type built in Los Angeles shops during World War I, pulling the "Surf Turnaround" on a local freight, July, 1945, near Las Positas Road. Locomotive was scrapped, 1953. Robert E. McNeel

In the twelve miles between the west boundary of the Hollister estate and Gaviota, there were five named sidings: Anacapa, Gato, San Augustine, Drake and Sacate. Drake, near Santa Anita Canyon, was the only point boasting a depot; it also had a section house. (There is another Gato Canyon near Naples.)

There were also two major viaducts on the Hollister property before reaching Gaviota. The first, at Alegria Canyon, was about a mile east of Sacate, while the second crossed Agua Caliente Canyon about a mile further east. Tunnel No. 13, between Drake and Sacate, was finished in January, 1900, when Charles R. Bates' team had the tunnel timbered. At this time, the controversial, half-mile long fill in front of the ranch house in Santa Anita Canyon, had reached about half of its projected height of fifty feet. (A new ranch house was built in 1910 in Arroyo El Bulito, two miles to the west.)

After E.J. Carney finished Tunnel 13 (daylighted in 1942-43), his next assignment was to carve a huge cut in the hill between Gato and San Augustine Canyons. Said to be the largest cut on the entire job, it involved some 83,000 cubic yards. As almost one-fifth of this excavation was in solid rock, the continued blasting shook the windows of the Santa Anita ranch house for some weeks. Carney wound up his job as April 1900 was ending, and already had sent some of his equipment to El Capitan. Besides this group, there were two grading camps of Stone and McMurtrie* and another housing the workers on the R. Smith & Co.

*Stone and McMurtrie's headquarters at Goleta included a hospital; in March 1900, fifteen men were confined to this hospital.

contract. At the end of May, construction trains were running as far as Alegria Canyon, the site of one viaduct, only four miles from Gaviota. By now projections were made that the rails would meet near Alcatraz (Cementerio Canyon). The timing was wrong, reflecting the labor shortage, but the location was correct.

At Sudden, what was reported to be the second largest rock crusher in the United States was preparing ballast for the fifty miles of track south of Surf at the rate of 100 cars per day. (A San Luis Obispo quarry supplied the ballast for the track north of Surf.)

When the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, the finished track in the northern segment had been extended 26.9 miles to Cuarta Canyon (at Sacate) and, in the other part, 5.9 miles from Ellwood to Gato Canyon on the Edwards ranch. The Gap was now only 17.9 miles!

There were some unpleasant surprises, as there are in every construction job of this magnitude. Around the end of June, a landslide just west of Alegria Canyon dumped the roadbed into the sea. Track work was halted until a stabilizing sea wall was built, but this spot continued to be troublesome. Subsequently, several sea walls were built and in other places the track was shifted inland.

A shortage of material held up bridge construction, but the Alegria crossing was finished in September. The end was now in sight, and the men responded with a faster pace, erecting the viaduct at Agua Caliente in stride and moving on to Gaviota. This viaduct, 811 feet in length and the longest along The Gap, was finished on December 12, 1900. (Gaviota station is at the east end of the viaduct.) The bridge builders were chased by the track layers, who not only crossed the Gaviota bridge that day but went on for another mile, halting at the edge of Cementerio Canyon (Alcatraz). At this moment, the two ends of track were only 750 feet apart, but would remain so for several weeks until the last viaduct was finished.* The ballast train was close behind the track workers and completed its assignment as far as Gaviota. It was now up to the southern contingent.

WORK COMMENCES AT ELLWOOD

Since the cessation of work at Ellwood in December 1887, all efforts to close The Gap were concentrated on the extension from San Francisco. In the nine years ending in 1896, Southern Pacific had extended its railroad 81 miles from Templeton, over the Cuesta grade and down to Surf. In the same nine years, the terminus at Ellwood did not move one inch.

Definitive construction began at Surf in November 1898, and one month followed another with no work at Ellwood. Finally, people in Santa Barbara realized that something was to happen on March 17, 1899, when the local freight pulled into the yards with ten additional cars of carts, wagons, scrapers, etc., for renewed grading activity. The next day this equipment was delivered to Ellwood where P.J. McCormick was getting ready to fulfill his grading contract. McCormick had many years' experience in this work; when the Union Pacific was building across Nebraska in 1865, McCormick had one of the largest grading

*With heavier locomotives, it was necessary to add center bents or renew tower bracing during the period from 1932 to 1936. The Santa Ynez River bridge was replaced in 1933 and a new structure was installed on the Santa Maria River crossing three years later.

outfits on the job. McCormick also participated in the grading of the A&P RR (Santa Fe) across Northern Arizona and in more recent times had done considerable work for the SP.

Anticipating the beginning of work, Arthur G. Wilson opened an independent employment agency in Santa Barbara. Responding to Wilson's local newspaper advertisements, 75 men from Santa Barbara signed up for work as soon as McCormick was ready for them. While Wilson sought only local men, the big city papers reported the job openings as news, which incensed some Santa Barbara residents, since they feared that this would bring in a flood of tramps.

The 1887 line had many curves before it ended at today's Winchester Canyon Road, just beyond the Ellwood station. The new alignment on both sides of the station was vastly improved.

The route from Ellwood to Surf, which traversed the low foothills of the mountains, had no passes to surmount, but each arroyo carrying water from the hills to the sea had to be negotiated by a land fill or a long viaduct (and 1% grades were frequent). In the intervening four miles between Ellwood and Naples, were three major canyons: Bell (Armas), Tecolote and Eagle Canyons. Each required a long earth fill, but before that work could begin, it was necessary to construct a masonry drainage arch 12 feet high with lengths ranging from 140 to 177 feet.

The Bell Canyon fill, over 1,000 feet long and as much as 60 feet deep, was expected to require six months to complete. The earth for this fill would come from a cut nearly 50 feet deep and 1,400 feet in length in the adjoining hill.

On March 27, 1899, a gang of 25 experienced men from Los Angeles broke ground at Ellwood under McCormick's supervision on their way to Bell Canyon. Within the first week, the force had increased to 200 men handling 25 Fresno scrapers. McCormick expected to double the number shortly and, as soon as the steepness of the hillsides had been reduced, he planned to use heavier wheel scrapers. Four carloads of mules were brought in from Phoenix for this work.

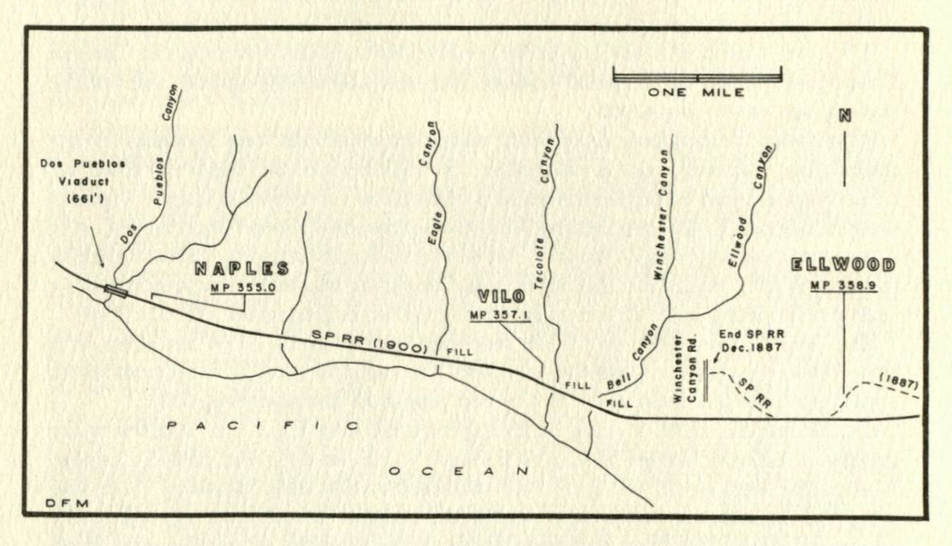
The graders' camp in the mouth of Bell Canyon was surrounded by hills of waving grain, then still green, and, with a view of the ocean, was an unusually beautiful site. Clear water was piped into the camp from a well sunk in the hillside. The dining tent covered two long tables where the scribe found "the bill of fare elaborate." Vegetables and fresh meat, the latter supplied by Ealand and Sherman, formed the standard menu. There also was a commissary tent with a stock which compared favorably with a typical country store.

To direct the graders, McCormick had a staff to assist him: Martin McMahon was the walking boss while W.T. O'Donnell was the timekeeper, not an easy assignment, as names constantly drifted on and off the payroll. Jack Gory was in charge of the livestock and, to keep the horses' hoofs in good condition and to repair equipment, Charles Christ and George Thornton were the blacksmiths. E.C. Williams was the harness maker.

A correspondent, writing from McCormick's camp on April 16, described the Indian burial ground that foreman Sam McDonald and his gang found on the west ridge of Bell Canyon. This discovery created much excitement, particularly among members of the Antiquarian Society in the camp. And the "diminutive but bruiny superintendent," McMahon, learning about a cable-car system developed by another contractor for moving earth, evolved an improved system of his own. So carefully did he guard it that it never had a chance for a field test and so remained a

secret.

The most welcome, refreshing event occurred on a Sunday when a bevy of young ladies, carefully chaperoned by their mothers, came out from Santa Barbara to see the engineers' camp and the grading progress. Far less interesting but more important were the visits of Edward Ivison and J.K. Harrington, both important lay members of the local group supporting the completion of the railroad. (Harrington did some work for the Pacific Improvement Co. at Hope Ranch.)



Ellwood to Naples

Before grading around Bell Canyon could begin, a masonry drainage arch was built at the bottom of Bell Canyon to be covered by the fill. At this time, expecting to build the force up to 2,500 men, Collis P. Huntington anticipated that The Gap would be closed by December 1899. Of course, there would be little difficulties around the grade from time to time, such as those experienced by a former army man who volunteered to be the drill master of four veteran mules. He ordered the squad: "To the rear, march!" when he should have said: "Fours left." The mules heeded his order, charged over the scraper and almost swept the driver away too. Last seen, the former sergeant was running along the crest of a hill, as far away as possible. The camp correspondent advised him to send a forwarding address so that his wages could be sent to him.

It was this April (1899) that another grading firm, Adolph Ramish and Martin Marsh, who had previously graded the Randsburg Railway to a gold camp in the Mohave Desert, were making plans to execute their contract for a cut and fill in Eagle Canyon. Instead, the beginning of their work was delayed for several months because of right of way problems.

Right of Way Delays

The strip of land for the railroad to close The Gap was secured in two ways. Of the 59.2 miles between Ellwood and the Santa Maria River, the Right of Way Committee secured deeds for 18.9 miles and, nearly all the balance of the 38.3 miles

were covered by "La Motte deeds." The trouble was that instead of deeds, SP had received and accepted contracts from the owners, a right of way across their lands. As SP surveyors had not determined final routes in the early 1890's, a "floating right of way" had merit. These ranch lands were held by Ellwood Cooper, Bruno Orella, Mrs. Isidore Dreyfus and the Naples Improvement Co. (J.H. Williams, president). Also, while 1887 plans called for over two dozen steel viaducts, the revised plans in most instances substituted long, high earth fills across former scenic canyons. Ranchers were distressed, for not only did they lose their view of the ocean, they also lost the cooling breezes over their ranch houses.

In April 1899, Louis G. Dreyfus, a prominent Santa Barbara real estate man, was surprised to read in the local paper that Ramish & Marsh would be establishing their camp in Eagle Canyon on April 10 and then would commence cutting and filling. Both SP's original and revised routes crossed the land of Louis' mother, and on the east side of the canyon, and the new location measured 2,230 feet. (Dixey W. Thompson owned the west side of the canyon.)

Three days before the contractors were due, Dreyfus told the railroad not to trespass on the property, the contract not withstanding. The revised location upset Dreyfus but, as he told Judge Canfield of (R.B.) Canfield & (H.P.) Starbuck, Southern Pacific's local attorney's, he would grant title for $500 cash.

C.P. Huntington, in San Francisco at this time, was not amused by this attitude and expressed his feelings to Edward Ivison, his unpaid public relations man in Santa Barbara. Ivison turned the letters over to the newspaper for publication along with his own comments. Dreyfus, not pleased with the unwanted publicity because of his stand, penned a letter to the paper explaining his position, adding that he had received no response from the company to his offer, which he considered reasonable.

Bruno Orella, whose ranch extended along four miles of the railroad route just east of Tajiguas, had some reservations about SP's route. So did the trustees of the Hollister Estate, through which the SP would traverse for the next 16 miles until it reached Rancho Cojo.

Of the several Hollister ranches, SP was now concerned with the Gaviota and Santa Anita Ranches, and the Hollisters were concerned by SP's revised route. The initial location, along the "brush line," was behind the Hollister residence in Santa Anita Canyon. As the house was 400 yards from the ocean, its residents were cooled by sea breezes and enjoyed a fine ocean view. SP's revised location ran between the house and the ocean and, to make matters worse, instead of a viaduct which would have retained some of the ambience, SP contemplated a long fill across the canyon, forty feet high.

The ranch trustees, Jarrett T. Richards and E.C. Tallant, in a caustic letter to the *Press*, discussed the relocation and explained that they felt entitled to a side track at San Augustine Canyon and also a large, drive-through culvert under the Santa Anita fill.

SP's William Hood agreed to the request for the siding—it became San Augustine station—but balked at spending an additional $4,400 for the culvert.

Rumors and accusations began flying and it was feared that work on The Gap might be terminated. In response to a telegraphic inquiry from the *Press* concerning a report that work had been stopped, Huntington wired succintly on May 12: "No truth in the report." Work had not stopped but was slowing down,

and no further work was initiated. Ramish & Marsh, denied entry, simply waited in Los Angeles.

Not being particularly anxious to spend money to complete the Coast Line because it would not be remunerative for some time, Huntington could sit with folded hands. In fact, he told R.E. Jack, the San Luis Obispo banker who called on him regarding this matter, that this road was not a necessity, and unless they could build without taking every man into court, they could get along without it.

Santa Barbara people were anxious for the completion of the line as soon as possible. The Chamber of Commerce advised Huntington of its desire to cooperate to overcome obstructions. Ellwood Cooper called a general town meeting at the Opera House on May 23, 1899. Several hundred people attended and the tone of the meeting as reported was one of cooperation and commendation for Southern Pacific's determination to close The Gap. At this meeting, an executive committee composed of Edward Ivison, George S. Edwards, T.D. Wood and Ellwood Cooper was formed to solve the problems. A ten-member advisory committee was also established.

With Huntington acknowledging that he would entertain some additional expense and general support for the project, the executive committee held the trump card (public pressure) when dealing with recalcitrant ranch owners and one by one the obstructions were removed. Several days before the general meeting Dreyfus modified his terms, and an agreement was signed on May 29.

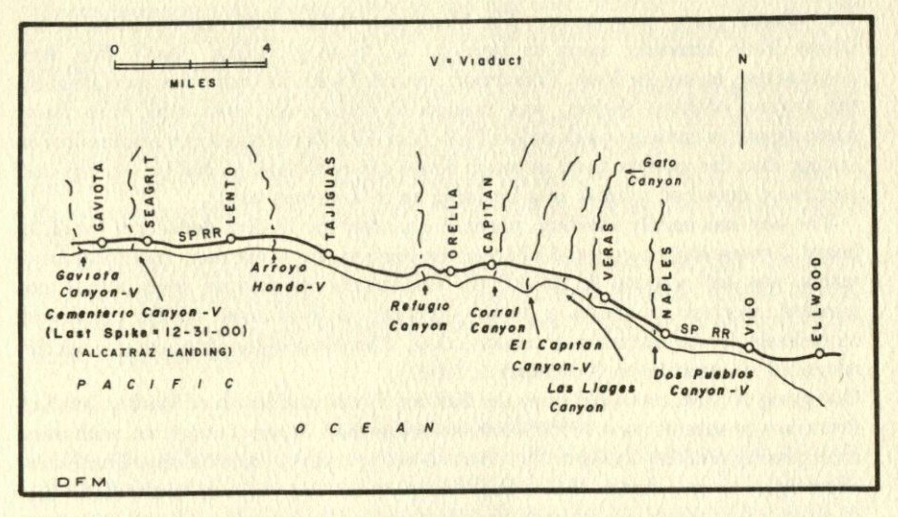
Two months later an agreement had been worked out with the Hollister trustees, who finally yielded on their wish for the Santa Anita Canyon archway. Part of the compromise was a road crossing at the future station of Drake where the family had the right to flag the train for trips to Santa Barbara. No saloon was to be permitted on the property during railroad construction. Even though it would be some weeks before every member of the wide-spread Hollister could sign the agreement, SP was willing to begin grading on the Santa Anita Ranch. Actually, SP forces had already developed a quarry on the ranch as a source of ballast.

Bruno Orella finally acquiesced in October 1899, but the terms were not revealed. However, for many years a station on the ranch bore his last name and he too probably could flag the train for Santa Barbara as did the Edwards family on their Las Varas Ranch.

With a better understanding all around, Huntington was ready to add more punch to the construction efforts. Even before Mrs. Dreyfus signed her agreement, William Hood was authorized to tell Ramish & Marsh to prepare to begin work in Eagle Canyon. Adolph Ramish came to Santa Barbara on May 29 to arrange for a camp site on the nearby ranch of T.B. Bishop.

Ramish & Marsh began moving earth at Eagle Canyon as June 1899 began, but not too much could be done until the stone drainage culvert was in place. Considerable time was required to quarry the stone for each culvert, transport it to the site, erect a temporary wood frame, and then cement the stones in place. McCormick's job in the next canyon was dragging because of similar delays in culvert construction.

While grading the Randsburg Railway, Ramish and Marsh conceived a new way to move earth more efficiently and with reduced manpower. By building a double-track railway in the form of a loop from the excavation point on the top of a hill to the dumping site below and attaching all the dump cars to one cable, it was



Ellwood to Gaviota

arranged that the loaded down-going car would pull the empty car up hill to be reloaded. Starting with a small force, the contractors' work pace improved with the receipt ot the dirt cars a month later. At that time, McCormick had made sufficient progress on his Bell Canyon fill that he sent part of his force ahead to work the minor fills approaching Naples.

The Friendly Saloons and the Labor Shortage

All the contractors faced challenges, but probably the worst was the camp-following saloon. After an inspection tour with William Hood, Henry E. Huntington was concerned by the interference of the work caused by the saloons. He stated that the project would take twice as long with saloons near every camp. Protests were made before the County Supervisors; on June 8, McMurtrie stated: "Our force is totally demoralized. Men who do not carouse get disgusted and leave. Those who do [carouse] are unfit for work." Some saloon keepers sent messengers into camps to invite the laborers to their saloons. Other workers returned with bottles for those who did not leave camp. The excessive drinking resulted in fighting, whooping and yelling late at night or simply passing out along the county road. Even worse were those who ended their nights in a hay stack with lighted cigars in their hands. Usually two full days were lost after a big drunk before men could return to work.

Nudged by the Chamber of Commerce, some of the offensive places were closed by the supervisors. The issue remained alive and the following January the supervisors tightened the saloon license procedure. Goleta Valley residents voted to form the Goleta Sanitary District, 153 to 50, to control saloons on March 5, 1900. The district board established new regulations: in addition to the county requirements, one had to have been a resident and a freeholder in the Goleta district for three years before applying for a saloon license.

While these steps improved the situation, they did not do much to help the labor shortage. Laborers, particularly competent, dependable men willing to work on

the railroad grade, were scarce. The bleak area below Surf, where strong ocean winds blew blinding sand or brought a chilling feeling, made this area unattractive, to say the least. This report, coupled with the story that men slept on the ground without shelter, was enough to discourage most men, even those hanging out in the seamy side of San Francisco. Hood countered this impression by stating that the graders lived in much better quarters than he did on surveys and that every man had a bunk in a building or in a strong tent.

The pay was hardly inviting, particularly after the 75-cent deduction for daily board. Lowest daily pay was $1.75 and the highest, for those men handling large teams, was still a scant $2.25! All the unpleasant conditions, both actual and reputed, worked to create a labor shortage, a condition which continued relentlessly for the duration of construction. The completion date was necessarily advanced six months to November 1, 1900.

One gang of men, recruited from the Barbary Coast and south of Market, left San Francisco by special train to the work site below Surf. It was a tough lot, with most men passing whiskey flasks to their friends as the train chugged along. There were a few fights to keep things interesting. One man broke a whiskey bottle on the face of a seat companion, which inflicted deep and ugly wounds.

A San Luis Obispo man, observing this train of derelicts, felt it doubtful that any would sign up for work. Instead, "They will probably tramp into Santa Barbara and rob hen roosts on the way."

* * * *

Work continued at both ends of The Gap during the summer and fall of 1899. Carloads of rail, delivered far in advance of actual need, began accumulating in the Santa Barbara freight yards in July. Here were thirty cars, while at Goleta there were another 24 cars stored. Weighing the then-standard 72 pounds to the yard, the rails were shipped in box cars, but because of their length, a hole two feet square was cut at the end of the car to accommodate them. The long stone arches required large amounts of cement; one day a dozen cars were dispatched to Ellwood. Another requirement, not always recognized, were thousands of posts and spools of wire needed to fence the miles of the railroad.

While there were many problem days along the grade, there were delightful diversions such as picnics and occasional dances. On Sunday, September 24, 1899, contractor P.J. McCormick staged a bull's head barbeque in Dos Pueblos Canyon, just beyond Naples. The picnic honored his wife and daughter Katie who had just moved down from San Francisco, as well as the engineer corps from the various construction camps. There were carriages of every description at Naples as some 300 people converged on the canyon. Besides personal friends, McCormick invited city and county officials, and some friends from Los Angeles were among the throng.

Twelve bulls' heads and two whole beeves were provided the guests who ate at long tables in two seatings, an hour apart. Entertainment was provided by a Spanish orchestra and a number of speeches. C.A. Storke, after telling of the long wait for a railroad from the north, considered McCormick "an angel" as he delivered the railroad. J.K. Harrington and John W. Nier, SP men, were there too. Harrington said he was prepared to talk, but would let his associate speak for him, as Nier had rehearsed his talk in Harrington's office. The head Chinese cook's brief

Chino-American talk, summarized in one line was: "Eat coffee, bear, cigar and Cormack hab goot time." McCormick "proved himself to be the king of hosts" as no detail was overlooked to make it a delightful event.

In October, with passage across Bruno Orella's land secured, a grading contract was awarded John Kelso, a prominent railroad contractor who had just completed a major job on the future Santa Fe extension in the San Joaquin Valley. At the same time, contractor J.W. Wiley moved some of his stone masons from his quarry in Gato Canyon to Naples to begin work on the footings for the Dos Pueblos Canyon viaduct.

The intermediate work on the three fills—Bell, Tecolote and Eagle Canyons—held up further work along the line. Around the close of 1899, both the Bell and Tecolote Canyon fills were essentially finished, but Eagle Canyon was still months away from completion.

Track Laying at Ellwood

The year 1899 ended on an optimistic tone. Although The Gap still remained with all of its challenges, instead of the perennial 56 miles (Surf to Ellwood), there was now less than 40 miles between the two "Fronts." While no track had been laid beyond Ellwood, rails from the north were approaching Jalama. With an estimated 2,500 men on the job, the last spike would be driven on the very last day of 1900.

Eagle Canyon fill, having been delayed almost two months by the right of way problems previously discussed, was holding up the assembly of the Dos Pueblos (Naples) viaduct. Ramish and Marsh, responding to the need for completion, added a night shift, but still three more months would be required to finish this task. Part of the problem stemmed from the perennial shortage of labor willing to work on the grade, particularly when the prospective riches of Klondyke gold held far more appeal. And for those who did remain on the payroll, the ever-ready saloon keepers were there to separate the men from their wages. There were public meetings in Goleta, but the solution to the saloon problem was still months away.

Perhaps as an antidote or maybe the timing was coincidental, but at this time Mr. and Mrs. Jacques arranged to have their Baptist railroad car chapel switched to Goleta and Ellwood for the edification of the workers. The response was not a "metter of record" (sic).

March 15, 1900 was a special day in Ellwood history, for that morning rail laying began there with a gang of forty men. The pace of track laying was slow, only a half-mile daily, but it was entirely adequate as Ramish and Marsh were not yet ready for the rail gang when the track men arrived at the brink of Eagle Canyon on March 29. While waiting for the graders, the rail layers removed the rails of the old line around Ellwood. Early in April the fill was ready, tracks were laid across it and, on the evening of April 7, the first construction train pulled into Naples, four miles from Ellwood.

For some time the structural steel, fabricated by the Phoenix Bridge Co. for the Dos Pueblos viaduct, had been quietly resting on flat cars at Ellwood, so it was available when the Thompson Bridge Company was ready to begin assembly work. As the bridge, just at the western edge of Naples, was not far from Santa Barbara, it aroused considerable interest.

Temporary tracks, laid into the canyon, enabled supply trains to offer steel beams to grasping hooks of the massive traveling crane high above. Stone

foundations, sunk into the earth, were capped with granite on which was mounted a heavy steel plate. With the help of the 40-ton crane, the bridge rose rapidly from its footings and spectators from Santa Barbara watched the progress with fascination.

Following the gestures of superintendent Otto Crossfield, the crane operator swung his hook into the canyon to select the next piece as needed. Located in position, it was held in place by bolts pending the work of the riveter. Next came the deck gang who were followed by the track layers; in all about thirty days were needed to build this 661-foot viaduct.

Life in the Grading Camps

The larger camps, situated in Bell, Gato, Varas and Tecolote Canyons, accommodated about 125 men and some 300 horses and mules. Typically, the day began with a clanging triangle at five in the morning and breakfast a half-hour later in the dining tent staffed by Chinese. By six, the men and teams were at work on the grade and the camp was deserted until hungry men returned to fill the dining tent at 11:30. After an hour's rest, the gangs returned to work for another five hours. Supper came next, but by nine the camp was generally quiet.

The location of the camp was worthy of thought; wise bosses avoided spreading oak trees. At one camp, the men were enjoying a Thanksgiving feast when a tree limb fell on the ridge pole of the tent, breaking it, engulfing everyone in the wayward canvas and effectively terminating the meal.

With a crowd of men, assembled from almost anywhere, there were many personal experiences to relate. Some were tragic. One man, considered mentally unbalanced, was brought to the hospital in town, but he died before he could be treated for typhoid fever. Some men were victims of blasting and another was killed in a fall from a viaduct. One man flashed a roll of bills as he was buying drinks in a Las Cruces saloon. When the now inebriated man started to return to his camp, one observer remarked that the drunk would not go far. Regrettably, he was right; the man was found part way back with his throat cut and, of course, with no funds.

The floating population making up the payroll had some surprises. One was a Yale graduate who drove mules as well as anyone else. He was the life of the camp, but never revealed his purpose for engaging in this line of work. As the story teller did not identify his subject, this man's future career will remain a mystery.

For some time the engineers' camp at the end of the track in Ellwood was housed in converted livestock cars, freshly painted and pleasantly furnished. There was a living car, dining car with one long table, and the cook car in which every inch was utilized.

The old Ellwood station served as an office; nearby were the living quarters of the clerks, draughtsmen, telegraph operators. All were well educated and were working hard, for these jobs marked the beginning of their careers. The hours were long and the recreation was scarce. By seven in the morning, some men were already working at cost figures while others, dressed in corduroys, leggins and sombreros, were going out into the field carrying their transits.

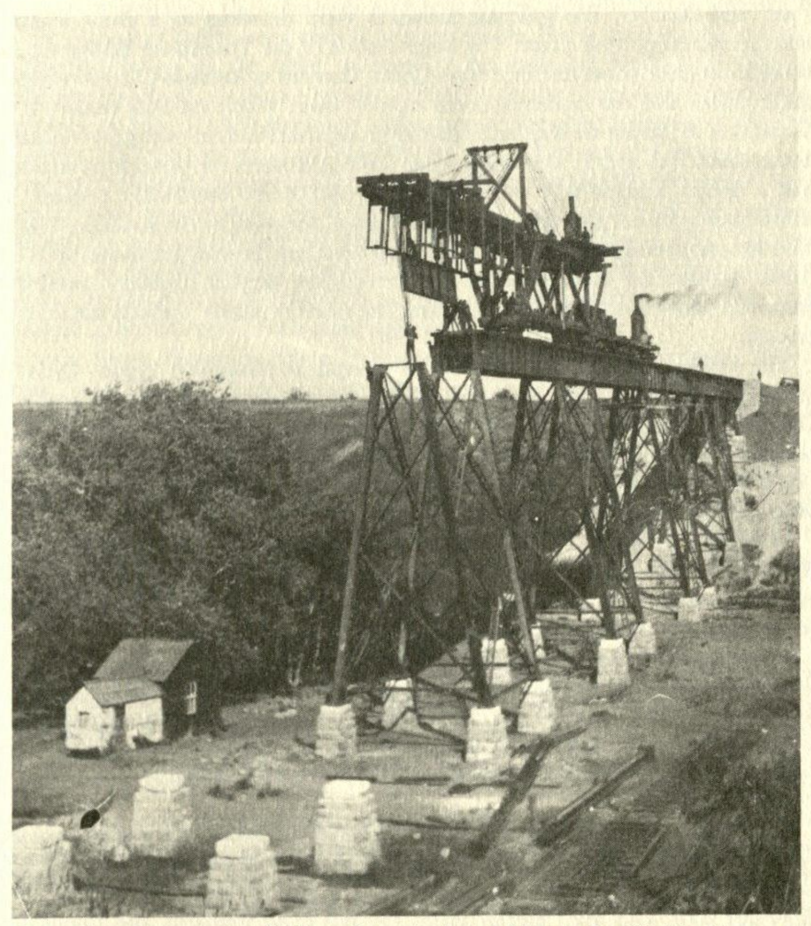
A noon-ringing triangle brought the men in for lunch, then back to work until dark or later, if need be. A quick wash removed most of the day's dust, then it was time for dinner served in heavy china on white oilcloth-covered tables.

Saturday night found flames flickering under big cans of water in preparation for the spic and span appearance on Sunday morning. Their bedding was brought out for an airing, while the rest of the day was spent letter writing and reading. As

the reporter remarked: "Life in a railroad camp is not an easy one and certainly not a place for loiterers."

Final Push on the Southern Flank

Settling the right of way difficulties, filling three large canyons and finally extending the track to Naples took over a year's time, yet the distance gained was only four miles. The next fifteen miles to the meeting point this side of Gaviota required four lengthy viaducts, and though the grading contracts could be spread over a long distance, the viaducts had to follow a step-by-step program. As soon as one viaduct was ready, the supply train would deliver rails and ties which would be laid on the prepared roadbed. With the tracks in place, the steel girders for the next bridge could be brought to the construction site and then the process would begin again. Besides Dos Pueblos Creek, which was finished early in May, viaducts were contemplated for El Capitan, Arroyo Hondo and Cementerio Canyons.



Some deep canyons west of Ellwood required earth fills. At Dos Pueblos Canyon a steel bridge solved the problem, under construction here.

Walker A. Tompkins

At the time the Dos Pueblos viaduct was ready, seven grading camps quartered men and draft animals working on this 15-mile section. Ramish & Marsh had 90 men working west of Arroyo Hondo filling three small canyons after the necessary drainage culverts had been installed. McMurtrie & Stone had two camps; other contractors were Charles Erickson, David McMasters, W.H. Hord and John Kelso.

Once the supply trains could cross Dos Pueblos Creek, track layers found three miles of roadbed ready for them. A substantial fill across Llagas Canyon on the Edwards ranch held up track laying but soon that obstacle was removed.

When Supt. Crossfield finished the viaduct at El Capitan near the end of September, the tracklayers moved in again to cover the seven miles of grade ready for them. This took them across Bruno Orella's ranch and then Pedro Baron's La Quemada ranch.

Baron, a Frenchman, had long been a rancher in this area. The western boundary of his ranch was at Arroyo Hondo Canyon where Crossfield was setting up a camp for the men about to erect a 541-foot viaduct.

By mid-October, the grading contracts were drawing to a close when an unexpected event took place. The large derrick of the Thompson Bridge Co. was being moved the short distance from Corral Canyon to Refugio Canyon when the track settled and the immense crane toppled over. When the dust settled, it was found that the structure was badly damaged and that the donkey engine was totally demolished. Telegrams were dispatched seeking timbers for the derrick structure, and a donkey engine was secured from the San Pedro breakwater project. The short-span bridge at Refugio was delayed about one week by the accident. Thomas Thompson, president of the bridge erecting company bearing his name, arrived in Santa Barbara for business reasons. Perhaps the derrick problems needed his attention; more likely he was inspecting the series of major viaducts his firm had erected.

The bridge contract was coming to an end as November began. Only two structures remained to be erected; first Arroyo Hondo was ready and finally the Cementerio bridge began to rise from its stone foundations. A series of "lasts" occurred on December 31, 1900; the last rail was laid, the last spike was driven home. Then, at seven o'clock in the dark winter evening, the first locomotive passed over the new bridge. The Gap was closed.

The Gap was closed, but the railroad was not open; there were many things to be done. Still, some special trains did move over the entire Coast Route. Henry E. Huntington made an inspection trip to be followed by ex-President Hayes' train, to be the first and second trains over the road.

Station buildings were erected at Goleta and Conception, but the main work was ballasting and surfacing the track. Five trains were dumping ballast along the line at the rate of a half-mile per day. Between Goleta and Ellwood, 200 men were in the gang surfacing the track and, depending on the weather, were making good progress. There was considerable speculation about the opening date, which was postponed several times.

In the middle of March, it was announced that the Coast Line would be opened on Sunday, March 31, 1901. People reacted promptly by flooding the ticket office with applications for reservations on the first train; in fact, travel for the first six days was soon sold out. Special trains became more frequent, and sometimes a regular day coach was added for local passengers.

The first scheduled train, No. 1, *Coast Line Limited*, was welcomed by a good crowd when it arrived at Victoria Street on its way from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Edward Ivison, undaunted by the inaction of the local Chamber of Commerce, stepped in and staged his own celebration for the first scheduled train to travel over the former Gap. When the southbound *Coast Line Limited* pulled in the Victoria Street station at 7:12 PM (two minutes late), William H. Crocker and his family quietly left the train for an extended stay in Santa Barbara.

About 2,000 people were at the station, and Ivison, who had worked thirty years for this event, was delighted. Dr. F. Franceschi, the famed horticulturalist, furnished over 100 bouquets for the ladies, and the Santa Barbara Military Band added to the welcoming celebration.

The initial service offered a day and a night train, the *Coast Line Limited* and the *Sunset Express*, respectively, and a local train to Los Angeles. The weekly, deluxe *Sunset Limited* also passed through Santa Barbara.

Almost immediately, the schedules were lengthened as heavy trains, combined with the volume of traffic, were almost unmanageable. It was soon recognized that the physical status of the older sections of the railroad, built according to branch-line standards, could not handle the traffic. So the *Coast Line Limited* was withdrawn on May 1 while intensive upgrading of the older portions of the line took place. Heavier rail was installed between Santa Barbara and Saugus.

However, important people continued to visit Santa Barbara; President and Mrs. McKinley were among them. Work progressed diligently and, with the roadbed improved, the full complement of trains returned on December 6, 1901. The day trains left Los Angeles and San Francisco at eight in the morning and reached their respective terminals at 10:45 P.M. The *Sunset Express* remained in operation, but the *Sunset Limited's* operations were now three times a week.

Victoria Street, becoming the only passenger station, was designated "Santa Barbara," and Mason Street was the freight terminal. The little Chapala and Gutierrez Streets station, which had been opened and closed during its career, was closed and then reopened, but was finally shut down September 2, 1903.

Neal Callahan, proprietor of the Mascarel Hotel, opened a railroad eating house by the Victoria Street station in December 1901, to accommodate passengers of the *Sunset Express* which had discontinued carrying a dining car. For a week before Callahan could open, trains again stopped at Chapala Street to allow passengers to capture a hasty meal at the Morris House.

NEW ROUTES AND LINE CHANGES

The opening of The Gap was important to the Coast Counties but it marked only one of the major steps to lift the railroad to mainline standards. Almost every year of the first decade of the 1900's, Southern Pacific made some improvements to the Coast Line. Of primary interest to Santa Barbara residents was the complete relocation of the railroad from the city limits (for a long time at Mission Street) to Ellwood. There were seventeen line changes between Ventura and Santa Barbara which were followed by a new route, opened in 1904, after tunneling under Santa Susana Pass. In 1905-06, there was a major line revision in Santa Barbara together with a new station and expanded freight yard. Plans for an improved entry into San Francisco were announced by C.P. Huntington in May 1899 and were finally realized when the Bay Shore Cut-Off was finished in December 1907.

New Line from Santa Barbara to Ellwood

In January 1899, just before work was resumed at Ellwood, a substantial force of Southern Pacific surveyors was running lines in the Goleta Valley. Initially, they had little to say about their work but, not surprisingly, a new line betwen the eastern portion of Hope Ranch and Ellwood was under consideration. The 1887 line, built according to branch-line standards for slow speeds, was a "twister" with 28 curves along the route, especially when negotiating the hillside in Hope Ranch. In June, the new route was announced and on July 14, 1899 Henry Hill received $4,000 for his six acres, which was the first purchase for the new right of way.



When the route at Ellwood was realigned, the new station was lowered 11 feet as the hill was cut away. The original SP spelling on the station board lasted for many years.

Robert Sherer & Co., a Los Angeles contractor, began work on September 27, 1899 to form a mile-long fill running east from Ellwood, a four months' job. Train service to Ellwood, which had been temporarily suspended because of construction, was restored March 20, 1900 after tracks were laid on the new grade.

J.W. Nier, SP's agent, had acquired all of the right of way for the new eight-mile line by December 1899 when the major contract was awarded to Grant Bros., a long-established railroad contractor. The relocated line was as much as a mile north of the 1887 line and, except for four gentle curves, was tangent all the way. The topography was somewhat similar to that beyond Ellwood, but, instead of deep canyons, the arroyos were shallow and could be crossed with far less difficulty and expense than those along The Gap.

Grant Bros.' well equipped camp was situated on the Cienegitas Ranch, near the

old Catholic cemetery on the north side of Hollister Avenue near the junction with Modoc Road. The larger portion of the 150-200 men on the payroll was working on the big cut near the cemetery in February while the remainder was covering the culvert in Cienegitas Creek with a small fill. Visitors were impressed with the two sets of gravity earth-moving cars on this job.

A further relocation was added to the project in March 1900 when it was decided to shorten the two miles of railroad from Mission Street in Santa Barbara to Hope Ranch. Nier faced considerable difficulty in securing land at what his employer considered reasonable prices.

Louis H. Long was SP's civil engineer monitoring the project as well as The Gap, following the promotion of George W. Boschke, later SP's chief engineer. Engineer Long and his wife made their home in Santa Barbara for several years while the various line changes were under construction.

In contrast with The Gap work, this line change moved along rapidly with but few problems. There was a landslide in the big cut near Hollister Avenue and several weeks elapsed before it was cleared. The steel span across San Jose Creek had been finished at the time the last rivet was driven on the Maria Ygnacio crossing early in September; later in the month track layers moved in and soon covered the grade with rails and ties, except on the Hollister Avenue crossing where the overpass was still under construction. When it was ready and the last rails were in place on October 24, 1900, trains could roll over the new line all the way from Hope Ranch to Ellwood and on to Arroyo Hondo. The next month, SP forces pulled up the track in Hope Ranch; today portions of the original route form Vieja Drive.

Initially Hollister Avenue overpass had a center support, but this was replaced in 1930 by a 110-foot through girder span. This revision came about because a motorist was awarded damages after striking the center support and suing SP. It was his contention that SP was negligent because, a) the support was an obstruction in the road, and b) the engineer of the train crossing at that moment did not blow his whistle, and the court agreed with him.

The last two-mile section between Mission Street and Hope Ranch was opened for traffic on February 11, 1901. The old railroad fill, south of Modoc Road and near La Cumbre Junior High School, remained a prominent landmark until January 1932, when it was removed to provide the necessary soil for the widening of Modoc Road.

Line Changes of 1901

In November, 1900, Grant Bros. moved its men, livestock and equipment to Ventura to begin work on seventeen line changes between that point and Santa Barbara. These revisions reduced curvatures and shortened the route in small measure. Of these changes, six were in Santa Barbara County, the first being at Benham, on the county line. The tracks at Benham have been relocated several times because of slide problems, and more recently because of highway changes. Much of the fill for the yards at Santa Barbara came from this location.

There were two line changes around Summerland, and one between Fernald Point and Miramar. One of the longest began just west of Miramar; the original route swung toward the sea, crossing what became Bonnymede, continuing through the Biltmore grounds before swinging away from the shore. The new line

avoided this long curve, with an almost straight line.

Before the present long fill and overpass was built on the north side of the Bird Refuge, the 1887 line swung north into the present golf course before turning west to Salinas Street and entering the city along Punta Gorda Street (now called Puerta Vallarta). And when these revisions were finished, the next important work around Santa Barbara was to straighten the course through the city. Meanwhile and subsequently, minor line changes were made where the high seas encroached on the bluffs in spite of the numerous sea walls between Surf and Ventura.

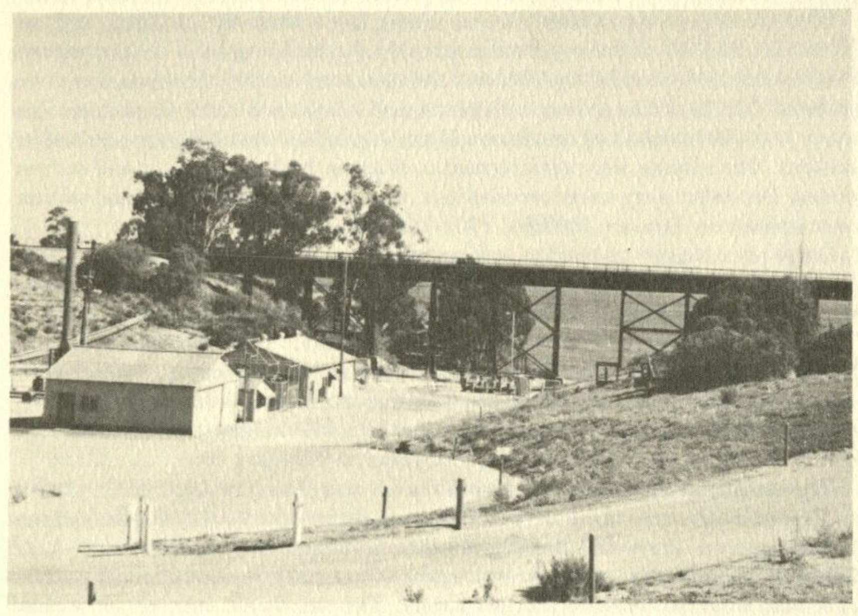
All of these improvements were made to reduce the running time between important terminals. The Coast Line, following the ocean front for 113 miles, became increasingly popular, and, along with the growth of Southern California, resulted in additional train service. In the fall of 1902 it was possible to board a Pullman sleeper in Santa Barbara, go to Oakland and continue in the same car all the way to Chicago. This particular option lasted only a few months, but the through sleeper, which ran to Los Angeles where it was switched to the *Golden State Limited* to go to El Paso and continue on the Rock Island RR to Chicago, lasted for many years. A second local train to Los Angeles was inaugurated, and local connections were improved with the electric street car to Victoria Street station, which began operating on March 12, 1903.

At Montalvo, five miles south of Ventura, a branch had been built in February 1898 to serve the new sugar beet plant in Oxnard. Construction continued up the valley until it reached Santa Susana Pass, where it paused for nearly four years while the Chatsworth Tunnel and two short tunnels were drilled. Measuring 7,369 feet between portals, the Chatsworth Tunnel was one of the longest in the West at that time. The 59-mile route was opened on March 20, 1904 and, while it reduced the mileage only seven miles, compared with the Saugus route, the better alignment contributed to faster service.

During the early 1900's, newspapers enjoyed using large headlines to tell their readers that some new railroad to their community was "assured." Santa Barbara had its share of "assured" railroads that never materialized, let alone get off to a good start. Among them were a number of interurban electric lines, such as the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway via Santa Monica, to be followed by the Pacific Electric Railway or some previously unheard of promoter's line. In the northern part of the county, the Midland Pacific Railroad, incorporated in March 1903 to build from Sunset, with a connection to Bakersfield, to Port Harford via San Luis Obispo, also contemplated tapping northern Santa Barbara County. While there are some reports of completed grading contracts of the latter railroad in the Cuyama Valley, neither project reached fruition.

One of the most bizarre proposals surfaced in 1909 when local Santa Barbara boosters, persuaded the Chamber of Commerce to lend moral support for a railroad to Bakersfield. The Bakersfield counterpart offered a tepid response to the proposal, in some measure because there was already a line under construction from their city to Ventura and Oxnard. The Bakersfield people wanted the railroad to be independent of both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific, but did want it to be part of some transcontinental line. With several chains of mountains, the road would have been costly to build and expensive to operate, and President E.P. Ripley of the Santa Fe put the kiss of death on the project when interviewed by the *Independent* on December 16, 1909. "A railroad from Bakersfield to Santa Barbara

over the mountains is all nonsense," he declared, for it would have nothing to haul other than hay, grain and oil; oil could be better handled by pipeline. (The only segment of the Ventura project ever constructed was from Oxnard to Hueneme as the successful Ventura County Railway.)



Viaduct at Cementerio Canyon. Last spike was driven on this beach almost 87 years ago to close "The Gap." Three months later through trains began operating between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

New Route and Station in Santa Barbara

Because of several tortuous curves, the route through Santa Barbara had long been a candidate for revision. The subject evoked much speculative talk on the street, but became substantive on July 31, 1903 when surveyors set up their transits at the east end of the line change, back of Mrs. Beale's house (Child's Estate). The west end of the line change was at Rancheria and Gutierrez Streets which, by the new, straight line, measured 1.63 miles, a savings of .44 mile and several tight curves over the old line.

Things never seemed to move quickly, for fifteen months was required for the considerable engineering work, acquisition of right of way and building removal. A new city franchise was authorized in October, and work began on November 9, 1904, with twenty graders near the Potter Hotel. The first rails were laid at the west end of the cutoff on December 1 to facilitate delivery of supplies.

Part of the work required the relocation of Mission Creek, and a new channel was created. The work moved along well; early in January 1905, the roadbed was finished from the old race track west to Rancheria Street. Two months later the new route was covered with track, except for the crossings of State and Chapala Streets. At this time, work was started on the new, two-story passenger station designed by Francis W. Wilson, a Santa Barbara architect. The station was located between

State and Chapala Streets, where it is today.

The private car spur to the Potter Hotel was set in place after several adjustments, and in early August, the walls of the SP station began to take form. Four weeks later, the rails were joined across State Street and work trains were using the new track.

Construction of the station moved along faster than the railroad, and on November 20, 1905, Southern Pacific accepted the building from the contractor. Furnishings had yet to be installed and the auto road around the depot was to be surfaced. The park-like setting with plants and a lawn was carefully planned; for many years SP maintained its own small nursery in Goleta to meet the needs of its stations. The reasons why work seemed to drag on both the railroad and station during December were never revealed but, in any event, the new line and station were opened on January 1, 1906.

Large crowds were on hand to welcome the first train, No. 21, the *Coaster*, from Los Angeles as it arrived at 11:05 AM. Neal Callahan opened his lunchroom the same day, several months before his Neal Hotel was completed.

As promised, SP forces moved quickly and removed the tracks from Gutierrez Street, but left the Mission Creek bridge in place. It was donated to the city for vehicular traffic. Near the depot, Wells Fargo & Co. began construction of its express office (it is a bicycle shop today) and SP's new freight station, on the east side of Santa Barbara street, became functional as February 1906 was ending.

The electric streetcar line to Victoria station was abandoned, but in its place a short spur was built to bring the electric cars to the station. Neal Callahan's eating house was torn down, but the adjoining Victoria station remained intact until March 1908. One feature, the old train gong announcing the imminent departure of a train, was transferred to the new station. The old Mason Street depot became only a memory after dismantling in June 1906; sadly, no pictures of this structure have surfaced.

In the early part of 1906, Southern Pacific secured a private right of way just west of its railroad and the sages speculated that it was for a trolley line to Hope Ranch. Actually, it was part of the last major track revision in the area; SP tracks were to be shifted 125 feet west from Rancheria Street for a distance of about 7,700 feet. At the same time, Southern Pacific planned to double-track its line through Santa Barbara.

Plans for a major roundhouse were announced but suspended after the 1907 business slump, and several years went by before the ten-stall structure was in service. There was a traffic disruption and additional expense when once again the tunnels north of San Luis Obispo decided to misbehave; the line was closed for through traffic from March 20 until April 1913. Tunnels in that area continued to be a problem; in September 1914, a fire destroyed the timber lining of a long tunnel, and the cave-in blocked traffic for sixty days. Even as recently as May 1987, a fire in one of the tunnels there closed the line for ten days.

Physical construction of the double-track line began in May 1907 and at the end of June, the graders closed their camp and left for another SP job after completing their work here. Some track was laid in August 1907, but with the construction of two short bridges across Mission Creek and adverse economic times, work moved slowly so that the new double-track line on the private right of way was not available for train use until May 8, 1908. The west end of this double track was

designated "West Santa Barbara" by a sign located near an extension of Pueblo Street. East Santa Barbara, the other end of the double track, is 3.4 miles away, a short distance beyond Milpas Street.

With this work and the various improvements in the freight yards, the Southern Pacific plant was considered fully developed. Changes continue to take place; after the 1925 earthquake knocked down part of the brick wall of the roundhouse, it was repaired and a plaster surface with a Spanish appearance in keeping with architectural themes of the city, was added. Railroad operations were not disturbed with that quake, but the quake of Sunday afternoon, August 13, 1978, derailed a freight train near Ellwood with spectacular results for photographers.

THE LAST EIGHTY YEARS

New railroad construction along the southern end of Southern Pacific's Coast Line was less spectacular after 1910. While there were many improvements, the cost of each one was relatively small, but cumulatively, they were impressive. Every day, in some form or another, there was history to record about the railroads in Santa Barbara County but, because of the substantial number of events, sufficient space is not available to begin to describe them in summary form. Instead, a little discussion of passenger and freight trains and some of the personalities will be presented.

Passenger trains, for many years the window-dressing of any railroad, were part of everyone's life until more recent times. Between San Francisco and Los Angeles, Southern Pacific operated trains on a daytime schedule as well as trains on an overnight run between these cities. The trains operating in 1901 when the through line was opened have been described. The *Coast Line Limited* was replaced by the *Shore Line Limited* which in 1923, became the *Daylight Limited* and then the *Daylight.* On March 21, 1937, the red and orange streamlined *Daylight* went into service with special steam locomotives (4-8-4 type, built by Lima) matching the style of the cars. This train, known all over the country, was extremely popular, and was usually sold out well in advance.

Three years later, the *Noon Daylight* was added, leaving each terminal at noon and the original train became the *Morning Daylight.* During World War II, military needs were the prime consideration in passenger train operations and many schedules and equipment were reshuffled.

In 1946, the *Noon Daylight* was restored, but waning patronage caused its consolidation with the *Coaster,* already a night train, in October 1949. As an overnight train, it was called the *Starlight.* In most years, there was a second train, making all of the local stops along the way. Diesel power replaced steam in January 1955, in step with the general trend. (The last regular steam operation on Southern Pacific was in January 1957.)

Night trains included the *Sunset Limited,* the *Coaster* (for local work) and the premier all-Pullman *Lark,* regularly patronized by businessmen living at one terminal and going to the other. From 1923 to 1931, a similar train, the *Padre,* operated between Oakland and Los Angeles; thereafter its sleepers were carried on the *Lark* south of San Jose.

Necessitated by the further decline in traffic, the *Lark* and *Starlight* were combined in 1957. It was the $9.95 airline fare between the two cities that ended the

Lark in April 1968, for businessmen could travel to the other city, conduct their business and be home that night. As one remarked, "The trouble with the *Lark* is that it can't fly!" The *Coast Daylight* then became the only train on the route; since May 1, 1971, the National Railroad Passenger Corporation (AMTRAK) has operated *The Coast Starlight* over the Coast Line as a segment of through train service from San Diego to Seattle. For two years, AMTRAK operated the *Spirit of California*, an overnight train from Sacramento to Los Angeles using much of the same route. Lack of patronage terminated this service in October 1983.

Freight, the life blood of any railroad, has undergone many changes as the convenience of the truck captured first the local business, then the livestock traffic. Next, trucks made serious inroads in the perishable and merchandise traffic. For many years, the yellow refrigerator cars of the Pacific Fruit Express Co. (an SP affiliate), pre-iced at Guadalupe, carried vegetables to distant markets. Cars were iced again at the icing dock in Santa Barbara and then at other stations en route. Citrus products moved in large quantities in P.F.E. cars under guaranteed schedules. If the shipment was late and the market price had fallen, the railroad paid the difference.

In the late 1930's, SP inaugurated a series of *Overnight* trains to provide fast schedules of merchandise traffic; a pair of these expedited trains operated over the Coast Line. At that time, and hard to envision today, the Santa Barbara yards were busy with arrivals and departures of through freight and local trains. Switchers, working around the clock, were shunting freight cars from one train to another. During a typical 24-hour period, ten to fifteen freight trains passed through the yard and several locals had daily assignments.

At one time, with more trains and crew changes, local trains servicing locomotives in the roundhouse, SP was a major Santa Barbara employer. Many of its people were well known in the community, as they often participated in civic affairs. Here are a few examples:

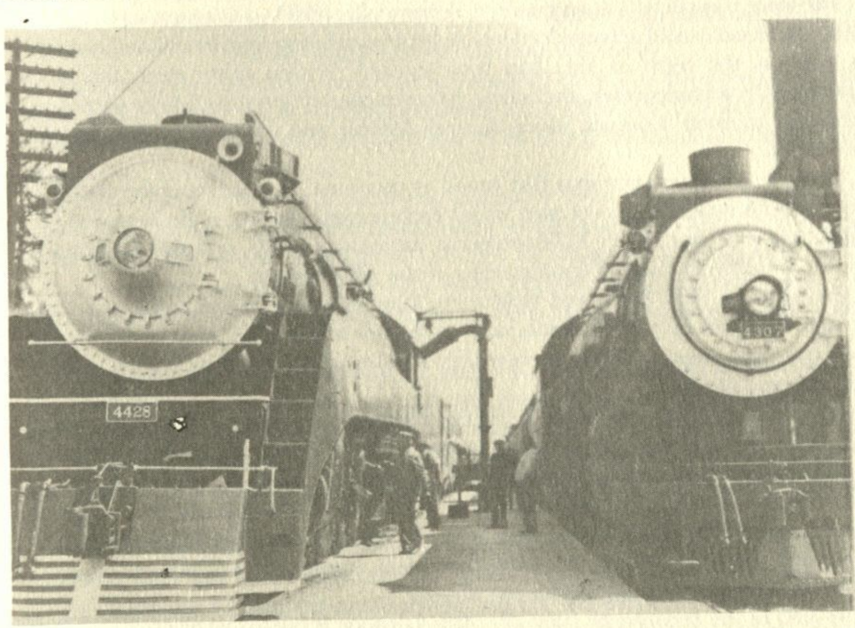
A.J. Finlay, the first SP agent in Santa Barbara, had held similar posts at Yuma, where he was also mayor, at Tucson and other Arizona places. His son, James Frank Finlay, was a well-decorated hero because of his bravery in the battle of Malate in the Philippines during the war with Spain. Prominent in the city ticket office in the 1920's and 1930's was Byron Abraham, who lived in the house on Santa Barbara Street, built by banker George Edwards. His mother, Adeline Crabb Abraham, is credited with planting the famous Moreton Bay fig tree near the SP station. Grover C. Drake, also in the SP passenger department, joining the SP in Coalinga and, after transferring to seven different cities came to Santa Barbara in 1923. He served as a volunteer on many civic committees and, as is typically the case, his fine work has long been forgotten.

James E. Sloan, whose railroad career began as a youth with SP's construction forces in Oregon in 1884, also moved many times before taking an assignment at the Summerland station. Later he came to Santa Barbara, was elected councilman and named mayor in 1920. His work at the passenger station continued for many years.

In a reverse direction, Henley C. Booth, a Santa Barbara attorney for many years, including eight years as city attorney, joined Southern Pacific's law department in San Francisco in 1910 and was there for more than 30 years. The list of Southern Pacific people in Santa Barbara is long, but notice should be given Charles E. Perkins who was a director of Southern Pacific from 1929-1943, which included the

difficult Depression years. A railroad man and the son of a railroad man, Perkins was also an author and rancher (Alisal) and was well regarded in the community.

Though SP's physical image is less visible because of the trends in transportation markets, the company is still an important contributor to the Pacific Coast, the Southwest and our community.



Famed *Daylight*, popular coastline streamlined train in Santa Barbara. Engineer with long-spout oil can inspecting locomotive's moving parts. Train No. 71, also headed for San Francisco, would follow *Daylight* stopping many times at small stations with mail, express and passengers. (c. 1940) Robert B. McNeel

THE NORTH COUNTY RAILROADS

The Lompoc Branch

Dating back to 1874 when Rancho Lompoc and Mission Vieja lands were subdivided, Lompoc has long been the trading center of an agricultural district as well as a mining district (limestone and celite).

When Southern Pacific was building the Coast Line in 1887, one of the routes under consideration would have placed Lompoc on the main line. Construction was suspended, but when resumed, the route along the shore was selected, a decision William Hood, SP's chief engineer, told Lompoc people in July 1894.

Lompoc boosters, though hoping that SP would agree with their contention that the Lompoc-Gaviota Pass route was the best and should be adoped, wisely recognized that a branch line was better than no railroad at all. Late in 1895, a committee of five men was arranging for a right of way from what was to become Surf, while George Roberts was in San Francisco persuading SP officials not to overlook Lompoc.

A long hiatus in railroad construction followed until February 1899 when workers began flocking to the main line. The prognostications of a branch line to Lompoc were favorable at that time because the Union Sugar Co., expecting to begin operations at Betteravia that summer, needed the limestone found near Lompoc for refining sugar beets.

The town was stirred into activity on February 25, 1899 by a telegram stating that William Hood would arrange for work to begin on the ten-mile branch to Lompoc as soon as the right of way had been secured. Within thirty days, this was substantially accomplished, including the town council granting SP the necessary franchise to enter Lompoc along Laurel Avenue and continue to the eastern boundary.

Lompoc residents were in a fine mood at this time. Not only had the drought been broken by eight days of rain which encouraged planting sugar beets for the Betteravia mill, but Henry E. Huntington, nephew of Collis, said that the branch would be ready in time to handle crops of the 1899 harvest.

On April 14, 1899, Stone and McMurtrie, after receiving the nod, began grading at Surf. It was an easy grading job, with only a few mild curves. Soon after leaving Surf, the route swung southeasterly to the La Salle School and then headed almost due east to Lompoc.

As May began, subcontractor W.H. Hord's men were moving along at a good clip; two weeks later, they were grading near the school and track laying commenced at Surf. A week later, Collis P. Huntington was able to inspect part of the branch and, with the contractors running ahead of schedule, the rails reached the town limits on June 2. Five days later, the tracks were at the depot site where four yard tracks were laid. An extra force was engaged to smooth out Laurel Avenue, the railroad shared with the wagons.

At 8:30 in the evening of June 22, 1899, Lompoc residents were surprised and elated when the train from San Francisco, instead of tying up at Surf, rolled into town.

The Union Sugar Co. bought the limestone quarries on the Frick Ranch in San Miguelito Canyon, and then advertised for bids for hauling 6,000 tons of limestone the short distance from the quarry to the new branch between July and October that year. A tram line, contemplated for the future, never materialized.

Train No. 1 departed from San Francisco at 9 AM, and, after stopping at most stations south of San Jose, pulled into Lompoc, 313 miles away, at 8 PM. The return train, No. 2, left Lompoc at the uncivilized hour of 5:30 in the morning and was scheduled to arrive in San Francisco at 4:10 in the afternoon.

This pair of trains, the only ones south of Salinas, ended when the through line was opened in 1901. Instead, two local trains linked Lompoc with main-line connections at Surf. After several decades, declining patronage ended the mixed train on July 17, 1929. On that same day, SP's bus subsidiary, Southern Pacific Motor Transport Co., established bus and truck service between Surf and Lompoc. Within a few months, this passenger bus operation was one of several SP bus lines absorbed by Pacific Greyhound Lines, Inc., then in the process of formation, but on Sept. 4, 1933, it was returned to SP to be operated by another subsidiary, Pacific Motor Trucking Co. For a time, passengers were carried in special seats in the freight truck, but in 1936 an eight-passenger station wagon was used on this route. The vehicle also carried mail, express and some *less than carload* freight.

Subsequently, this operation ceased as the use of connecting trains declined.

This branch has been in use for almost 90 years. It has had its share of troubles; in January 1907, severe washouts suspended operations for two weeks. In some places, flood waters carried the track some fifty yards to occupy portions of Ocean Avenue, then a wagon road. This branch has an important connection at White Hills Jct., serving the Johns-Manville plant. (*See:* Pacific Southwestern Railroad Co.)

Pacific Southwestern Railroad Company

Diatomite, also called diatomaceous or infusorial earth, has many contemporary uses, such as insulation in building construction or filtration. The world's largest diatomaceous earth quarry is in the White Hills which are south of Lompoc and east of San Miguelito Canyon.

In the 1890's, the Balaam brothers, originally from Kentucky, commenced quarrying diatomite from their ranch along San Miguelito Creek. They hauled their product by wagon to Lompoc Landing for shipment to customers. Total output was minuscule; in only four years between 1889 and 1901 was any production recorded, and it was not until 1914 that annual output exceeded 10,000 tons.

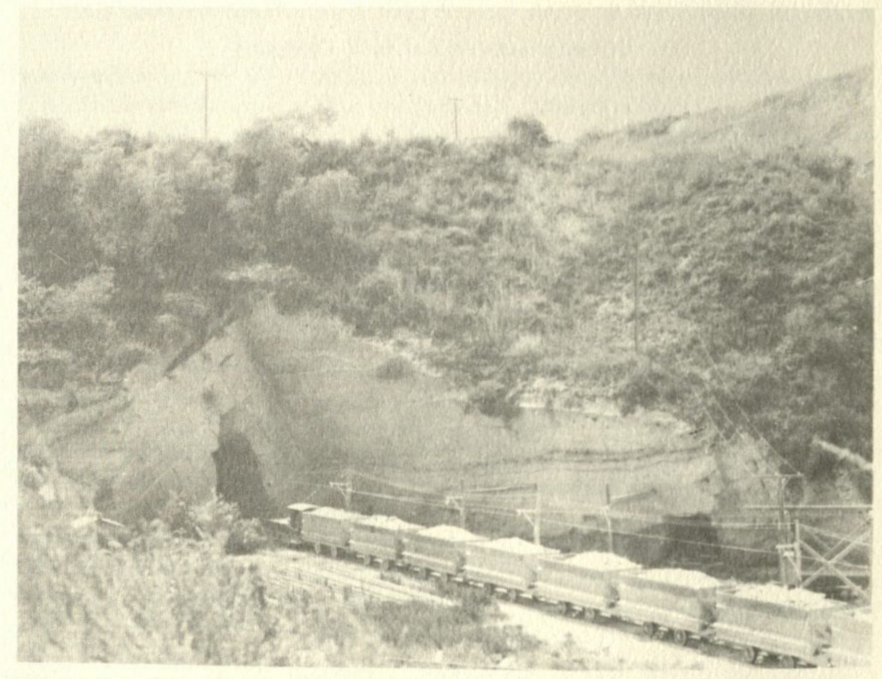
The quarry and mill passed through several hands, and, in 1907 when they were the property of the Magne Silica Co., SP built a spur to its No. 1 mill in Lompoc. By 1918 the output was soaring, and the new owner, the Celite Company, placed its mill close to the mine. Efforts to persuade Southern Pacific to build a branch from Lompoc to White Hills were unsuccessful and one might speculate as to the reasons.

The industry was new and lacked a long record of rail shipments. American railroads then had been taken over by the Federal government and things were chaotic, and shortly after the carriers were returned to private ownership, a slump in the economy began. Consequently, the Celite Company undertook to provide its own rail link by surveying a four-mile, standard gauge railroad of light construction. For this purpose, it filed incorporation papers for the Pacific Southwestern Railroad Co. on September 8, 1922 as its subsidiary. It then applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to issue stock and construct the line between Lompoc and White Hills. Authority was granted the following January and, after securing the right of way and awarding construction contracts, physical work began in May 1923 at a point on the SP branch in the east part of Lompoc. From this point, designated as White Hills Jct., and near Laurel Avenue and Second Street, the PSW RR headed in a southwest direction across town to Willow Street, then entered San Miguelito Canyon, which it followed much of the way to the mill, just beyond White Hills (station). As later revised, the branch measured four miles in length and it climbed over 300 feet, so that the ruling grade, because of the steep pitch near the end, was 3%.

Just as construction was beginning, SP Co. and the Celite Company entered into a tentative contract by which the two parties would share the cost of the railroad, now to be built to higher standards. Under the agreement, SP would eventually acquire full ownership by setting aside 65 cents for each ton of freight handled over the PSW RR to and from White Hills and on the Southern Pacific tracks. (Under certain routings, the tonnage allowance did not apply.)

Production and shipments increased as much as tenfold over the 1914 figure and in the fall of 1928, SP was able to acquire full title. Actual transfer of ownership was

made on October 6, 1928, the same year that the Celite Company became part of the Johns-Manville Co. From time to time track relocations are made to conform with changes in plant buildings. Additionally, a narrow-gauge industrial railroad serves the quarry and the mill, using a 14-ton electric locomotive of Goodman manufacture.



Overhead trolley wire supplies electricity for train leaving mine with carloads of diatomaceous earth headed for Manville Mill at White Hills, Lompoc.
Manville Construction

Pacific Coast Railway Company

With 103 miles of road, this was the longest narrow gauge railroad in Southern California. Its history is the subject of several books which are listed at the end of this chapter.

The beginnings of the Pacific Coast Railway date back to 1869 when John Harford and associates built a narrow gauge, horse-drawn railroad along San Luis Obispo Bay. Four years later, San Francisco men organized The San Luis Obispo Railroad Co. to tie the city with its harbor. Another group of San Francisco men, Goodall, Nelson and Perkins, organized a coastal steamship line which they renamed the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. in 1876.

Goodall and his partners, recognizing the merits of a railroad to feed inland tonnage to their steamers, incorporated the San Luis Obispo and Santa Maria Valley Railroad on April 16, 1875 to further this objective. It purchased the SLO RR, which had scarcely begun construction, and in August opened its narrow gauge, steam-powered railroad between San Luis Obispo and the docks at Avila. In

May 1881, the SLO ad SMV RR began work on its southern extension so that in December scheduled trains were operating to Arroyo Grande, twelve miles from San Luis Obispo. At a point near Nipomo, ownership was vested in another name, the Pacific Coast Railroad Co., incorporated April 18, 1882. Good progress was made and the first train landed passengers at Central City (Santa Maria) on June 1, 1882. Grading and track laying continued rapidly, and the railroad was opened to Los Alamos October 11, 1882.

But a few weeks before reaching Los Alamos, the name changed again when the two companies were consolidated on September 21 as the Pacific Coast Railway Company which name prevailed until the demise of the narrow gauge fifty years later. The year 1887 was good for the line, for the reported operating income was $110,000, made possible by the enviable 43% operating ratio. These figures reflected the favorable management of J. Millard Fillmore, whose ten-year stint ended in 1892 because of poor health. His brother, J.A. Fillmore, was general superintendent of Southern Pacific.

Control switched to the Oregon Improvement Company when that company acquired the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. and its connecting railroads. All went well with the new owners (affiliated with the Northern Pacific Railroad) until the dark days of the 1890's when this corporate empire went bankrupt. The Pacific Coast Co. purchased the property of the Oregon Improvement Co. at the foreclosure sale in 1897 and thus controlled the steamship lines and railroads for many years.

In 1887, when Southern Pacific was building into Santa Barbara, the Pacific Coast Railway extended its main line twelve miles east to the new townsite of Los Olivos. The last spike was driven November 16; train service began two weeks later, but the usual celebration was postponed until the lot sale the following May brought enough people for the event. The main line measured 76 miles; while surveys were made to Santa Ynez and Gaviota Pass, there was no construction south of Los Olivos.

Instead, eight short branches aggregating almost 31 miles were built between 1894 and 1912. At San Luis Obispo, one connected with the SP station and the other tapped the nearby Nichols quarry. In 1897, the Union Sugar Co. established its refinery southwest of Santa Maria at a place called Betteravia, an adaptation of the French word for "sugar beet." From its main line, the Pacific Coast Railway built a 4.19-mile connection to the refinery in 1897.

Betweem 1906 and 1912, the PC Railway made several short extensions around Santa Maria. A branch ran easterly to Garey to bring sugar beets from the field to the mill. Later this branch was pushed on to Sisquoc, and in 1912 four miles were added to reach Palmer and the surrounding oil fields.

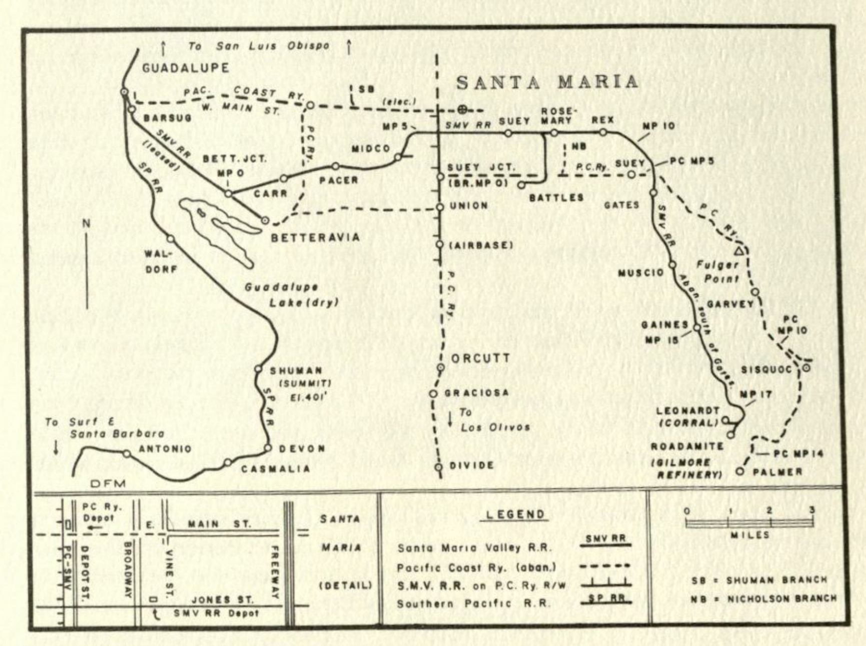
From Santa Maria west to Guadalupe, the Pacific Coast Railway built an electric line primarily to transport Santa Maria residents to the Southern Pacific main line trains stopping at Guadalupe. From this line, another connection was built to the sugar refinery at Betteravia, and in 1913, the "old Betteravia steam line" was abandoned.

Traffic of short line railroads was particularly vulnerable to truck and bus competition and increased use of private autos. A portion of the Guadalupe branch was abandoned in 1929 and the balance was retired in 1937. The year before, the I.C.C. had granted permission for the abandonment of the twelve miles between

Los Alamos and Los Olivos, as no trains had operated over this portion since the traffic had vanished in 1933.

In 1939, the end of the Palmer branch was pulled up and two years later the remainder of the Sisquoc branch, as well as the main line from San Luis Obispo to Los Alamos, were abandoned. By January 1942, the scrappers had done their job; later in the year, the balance of the railroad to the port ceased to exist, thus writing the final chapter on the story of this colorful narrow gauge railroad.

In 1964, Howell-North Books published *Ships and Narrow-Gauge Rails—The Story of The Pacific Coast Company*. Written by Gerald M. Best, an outstanding authority of steam locomotives, the book includes the story of this line. Another book on the same subject by James L. Norris of Los Olivos is now in preparation.



Santa Maria area railroads

Santa Maria Valley Railroad Company

Incorporated July 14, 1911, the Santa Maria Valley RR extended from Guadalupe to Betteravia Junction, through Santa Maria to the oil fields around Leonardt (Roadamite), a distance of 22 miles and all standard gauge.

The western segment, between Guadalupe and the Union Sugar refinery at Betteravia, was built by Southern Pacific and opened for traffic August 1, 1899. Since May 5, 1912, it has been leased to and operated by the SMV RR. The mileage, originally 3.62, was increased to 4.4 miles.

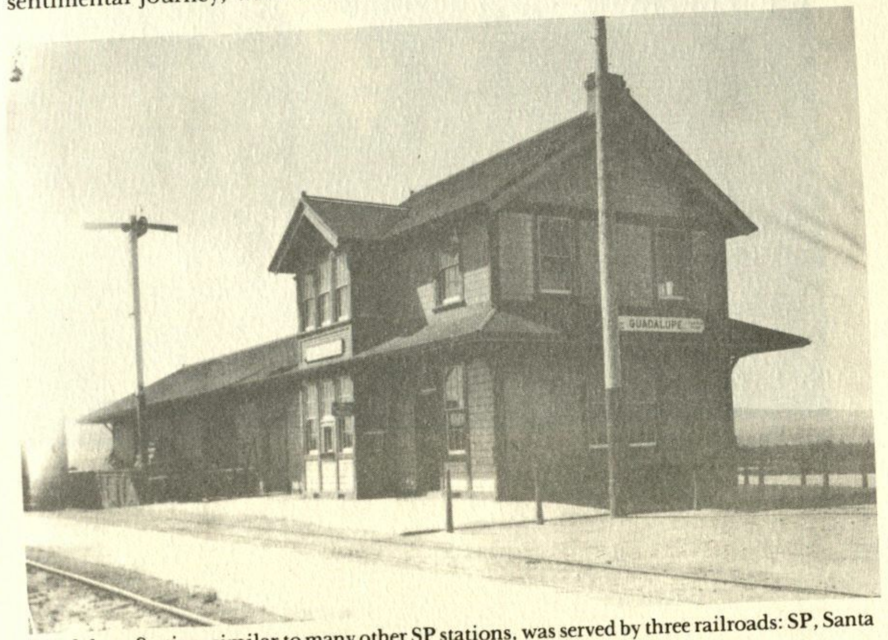
The Palmer Annex Oil Co. contracted to build the Santa Maria Valley Railroad from Betteravia Jct. to Roadamite, 17.775 miles, which was accomplished between September 1911 and March 1912. The railroad, as a subsidiary of the Palmer Union

Oil Co., prospered, handling oil products and drilling equipment as well as sugar beets and refined sugar products for the Union Sugar Co.

Increased production of sugar beets required additional rail lines to serve expanded acreage, so a four-mile spur was built south and east from Narlon in 1911-12. Two stations were located on this spur; Gray was near the end and Marshall was at the mid-point. This was a joint Union Sugar-SP project, with the sugar company leasing the right of way from the Jesus Maria Rancho Co. and SP furnishing the rails and serving this trackage.

In 1925, Capt. Allan Hancock purchased the railroad, and over the next thirty years annual carloadings rose from 700 to 30,000. For a short line, the Santa Maria Valley RR had a surprising number of stations. In 1916, there were 14 stations, of which three were agency stations. The situation was substantially the same in 1930; however, forty years later, this railroad had seventeen stations, notwithstanding that six miles of line between Gates and Roadamite were abandonned in 1949 and the rails were removed the next year. Of these seventeen stations, only five were on previous station lists, and today the railroad is serving many industries in the growing city of Santa Maria.

The management recognized the railroad's place in history. When the last steam locomotive, No. 21, a 2-8-2 Baldwin, was about to be retired, the Santa Maria Valley Railroad borrowed five commuter coaches from Southern Pacific as, never having operated passenger trains, it had no reason to own passenger equipment. It then staged a celebration of this historic event with a party of February 24, 1962, complete with a short train ride. Nearly 400 people were there to share a sentimental journey, with the steam locomotive pulling their train.



Guadalupe Station, similar to many other SP stations, was served by three railroads: SP, Santa Maria Valley Railroad and Pacific Coast Railway.

A reader has brought to our attention that "A century consists of the years 1 through 100. The twentieth century consists of the years 1901 through 2000, and will end December 31, 2000. The 21st century will begin January 1, 2001."

—World Almanac, 1986

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Laguna Blanca, Hope Ranch S.B. Historical Society

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Justinian Caire, II and wild boar S.B. Historical Society

HUNTING WILD HOGS ON SANTA CRUZ ISLAND

By Helen Caire*

We probably owed the presence of wild hogs on Santa Cruz Island to the providence of early Spanish explorers. They sometimes stocked animals on islands to furnish meat for stranded mariners whose ships might founder on their shores. Another possibility is that in 1830 the Mexican Government sent thirty convicts or more to the Island, landing them with some supplies donated by the Santa Barbara Mission, on a roadstead now called Prisoners' Harbor. Bancroft[1] does not mention pigs. However, he does not give a detailed account of the supplies. If the prisoners did have hogs, they would probably have left them behind and their descendants reverted to the wild.

Whatever the well-meant stocking of the Island, it was a menace to later ranching operations. Sows produce two litters a year, numbering to about ten piglets. Unchecked, their numbers would have caused great destruction to crops and vineyards. In a year when wild hogs were particularly plentiful, I remember seeing a big patch in a cornfield laid waste in one night by a pack which had managed to break into the field. From early days a bounty was given to any employee who brought in a nose as proof of a successful hunt. Besides their destructiveness to ranching operations, the hogs were a danger to the ecology, rooting up bulbs and devouring acorns and other seeds.

To give them their due for one possible good, since no St. Patrick walked the Island though some great Franciscan padres briefly did, if poisonous snakes had existed there, the wild hogs may have exterminated them. The layers of fat under the tough pigskin prevents the lethal poison from entering the bloodstream.

The wild hogs roaming the Island have reverted to earlier types: razor-backs with long snouts, lean hindquarters and straight tails. They are all black or pintos—spotted black and white. Very huge boars weigh as much as 250 pounds or more.

Hunting Procedures

The hunter used a gun, knife, or long spear, usually with the help of a dog or two. Sometimes the hogs were roped before being knifed—an extremely difficult feat, as a pig has no neck and can run through the loop of a *reata* if it doesn't also catch a leg. The *coup de grace* was given quickly. The knife must strike a vital spot, for here again the tough hide is protective.

This is not a sport for greenhorns. A boar at bay will "chop" his jaws at hunter and dogs, and, foaming at the mouth, will slash with pointed tusks to make cruel wounds. Because of the danger, when the well-known African game hunter, Howard Hill, requested permission to hunt with bow and arrow, my father was reluctant to grant it. However, being highly experienced, he was granted a permit. He actually did get some wild hogs, probably the first person at

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*Miss Caire, a previous contributor to *Noticias*, is a granddaughter of a pioneer, long-time owner of Santa Cruz Island.

[1]Bancroft, H.H.: History of California, V. III, 1825-1840. (Bancroft Works, V. XX)

the Island to achieve this feat. We still have the arrow Howard Hill inscribed to my father, Frederic Caire.

Around the early 30s, a group of four men arrived at Pelican Bay to hunt wild hogs with bow and arrow. They crossed the Santa Barbara Channel in the "Sea Wolf," Captain Eaton's boat. The Santa Cruz Island Company leased the cove to Eaton, who ferried vacationers, movie companies and others to his camp there.

Of this group, according to an article in "Field and Stream," April 1933, by Earle Stanley Gardner, apparently only "Dusty" Roberts was experienced in hunting big game with bow and arrow. The author downed a sow, but Roberts was the only one who bagged a large boar. He recounted that he saw "a mountain of flesh coming toward him . . . great white tusks that flashed in the sunlight, big powerful shoulders, glittering, beady eyes." . . . His first arrow hit and "buried itself to the feathers . . . " The boar, raging, continued to charge. Another arrow struck, but the hog was not downed. "The third arrow came back to the head." The boar staggered, then fell over dead. The hunter cut off the head to bring it back to the camp. He estimated the boar weighed about 450 pounds. That was certainly a mountain of a wild boar, most maximum weights being about 250 or perhaps 300 pounds. A bit of bragging does no harm, and it might have been an outsize animal.

Of course, the Chumash Indians had bows and arrows, but the native fauna—foxes, skunks and mice,—being small game, most likely would have been snared. If the Spaniards did introduce hogs, it is doubtful the Island Indians hunted them. I have never heard of anthropologists' having found bones of swine in kitchen middens of the *rancherias.* The staple fare of the Chumash was seafood. If the wild hogs were descendants of those probably left behind by the prisoners shipped there in 1830, the natives had all left before their arrival.

A Naturalist's Experiences

For three years Harry Sheldon came to the Island several times to continue natural history work, studying mammals and birds. An amusing and interesting conversationalist, he was good company. While deploring cruelty to animals, he was an excellent hunter and was gladly lent a ranch dog. "Dogs are indispensable when hunting old tuskers . . . " Sheldon stated. Jerry, savvy and eager, was a "heroic co-hunter."

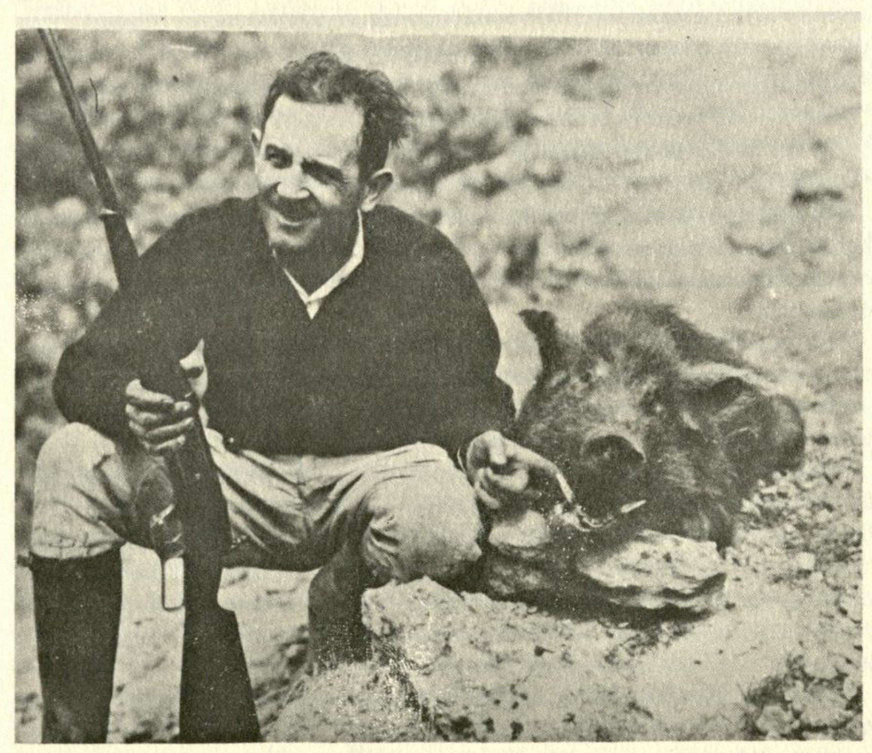
In a "Field and Stream" article of December, 1932, Sheldon wrote: " . . . I have found that hunting wild boars with dog and rifle is in a class by itself. There is no other animal in the United States that will accommodate you as quickly with a fight as an old boar."

He goes on to describe a wild boar at bay: "Large boars will charge a man as soon as he appears within reasonable distance. At this stage of the game the animal becomes totally indifferent to the barking dog, lowers his head, and begins champing his jaws until he actually froths at the mouth with rage. Then he takes a few uncertain steps forward and with coughing gutteral grunts rushes with surprising speed to the man foe. I have never allowed one

to advance beyond the 'uncertain' steps. The champing jaws, and the click of those white daggers is thrill enough; a bullet to the right place at the first possible moment is the natural impulse and the sane action for the safety of both man and dog, especially the dog."

For a while Harry was camped in a snug cabin in the hanging valley of Portezuelo. One evening Jerry got the scent of a wild hog not far away across the creek. "I could tell by the deep, throaty grunts that he was a big one . . ." Jerry pursued the hog into the hills. Harry debated whether to take the chance that the dog or the horse he was riding might be slashed in the dark, but Jerry continued baying. Harry decided to go back to camp and get his flashlight and rifle. He rode up a horse trail, following the sound of deep barks. He shouted to Jerry to let him know that he was following. On hearing his voice, the hog turned at bay, ready to fight.

Harry dismounted and saw the boar in a deep ravine. He detoured, climbing the mountain to stalk him on the down-hill. At the right time, he could see only Jerry's white coat. "I snapped on the flashlight, and there stood the boar, head on, under a wild cherry tree. He was a great black tusker. His jaws were working, and I could see the long tusks gleaming as they clicked a challenge. Yet only for a brief second or two, for the little bead settled to the center of the big black head, and he went down kicking, with Jerry tugging viciously at his throat.



Harry Sheldon and wild boar Helen Caire

"What a beautiful specimen of an ugly beast! Here at last was the big black boar for which I had hunted so long. He had five-inch tusks, and a great head with long wiry hair, and five-inch bristles down his withers—250 pounds of wild boar."

With aid of the dog, Harry Sheldon rid the Island of 165 wild hogs.

José Espinosa was a topnotch vaquero and the *mayordomo* for years during the roundup and shearing season. As to hunting with the *reata* and knife, he had no peer. His eyes were as keen as they were black and piercing. He might see a *coche* far-off, spur his horse to a gallop and the hunt was on. Across one canyon, up one ridge, down another, tirelessly, he pursued his game to the end. Others might give up—not José. He would not quit till he had bagged his quarry. No gun for him. At the right moment he would throw out his rawhide *reata;* the hog was stopped by the loop, a difficult feat. José dismounted, pulled out his knife and dispatched the animal. No one ever saw him start after a wild hog that he did not capture it. My father witnessed his getting 21 in one day!

An Impromptu Barbecue

An unusual, even freak wild hog capture happened one midsummer day. We decided to revisit the Cañada Laguna and the cove at its mouth, a day's round-trip from the Main Ranch in the heart of the central valley. We rode west for about a scant mile, then south up a long ridge where the red earth was greened with chaparral, to the bare summit of the Colorados, the southern range. Riding along, we joked with two guests about increasing our lunch with some fresh pork. Though it occasionally happened, we were not likely to meet a wild hog in the middle of the day. Cuate, an old vaquero who had accompanied us on our rides before we knew the trails, came with us.

We rode westward along the Camino del Carro, which in olden days before the new road was made, was the wagon road to Christy, the west end ranch. After a while we turned south down a long red ridge to the canyon of Laguna.

Riding at a jog trot along the now dry creek bed of the canyon, we arrived at the grass-encircled lagoon for which the canyon and cove are named. In the shade of wild willows we called sally trees, we unbridled our horses and tied them to branches.

We were about to set out for the beach when a fat pinto piglet appeared from behind a cactus patch. He looked at us in bewilderment. What were these creatures? A fatal pause—Marie, ever quick in action, caught him. Suckling pig on the hoof! We all started laughing, and in the excitement one of the guests stepped back, lost his balance and sat on cactus. Rising swiftly, he learned about cactus while his cousin pulled spines out of his jeans to make the ride back to the Main Ranch more comfortable.

Cuate quickly took charge of the pig, promising to have it ready for *carne asada* by the time we returned from the beach.

After a long look around the familiar cove, we sauntered along the shore

above breakers seething in from the blue-green sea. Not a footstep except ours broke the smooth, white sand. It was beautiful.

Hungry, we returned to our picnic place where the dressed porker hung from a branch while Cuate whittled points on slim branches for the barbecue spits. We scouted around for firewood and heaped it inside large rocks set in the shape of a horseshoe by the boys on the dry creek bed.

When the flames died down, Cuate skewered the meat on the sticks. We took turns ducking the smoke as we held the meat over hot coals, while others brought out sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, oranges and other picnic fare from the saddle bags. Little flames leapt up from the coals as fat trickled from the pork. Then we all sat around and chomped happily on the delicious suckling pig.

Another strange tale of hog hunting was told by two *compadres* who sighted a hog running southward. The men were pursuing him from an easterly direction. One of them stopped, took aim, and shot. The hog rolled over—dead. The other *paisano* ran up, then stood, scratching his head and staring down at the hog.

"How is this? We were coming from the east, the *coche* was running south, and you hit him on the west side?" The animal actually had been shot on the right side while the two men approached from his left.

His *compadre* was also baffled. Then coolly and seriously he explained, "Well, you see Pedro, I whistled to him, and he turned his head when I shot."

A Frightened Pig

A very odd experience concerned the pig-that-died-of-fright. Two hunters were chasing a *cochito* up a steep trail, shooting and missing two or three times. Suddenly the young pig dropped in his tracks above an incline and rolled over it. When the panting hunters raced down, they found the *cochito* stiff as a board and dead. He had not been shot nor wounded in any way. One of the *paisanos* whipped out his knife and stuck him. He did not bleed. Finally the men massaged the rigid carcass to be able to bleed the animal so that the pork would be edible.

"Next time," chuckled one of the hunters relating the event, "I bring one of the things to make him breathe." "Pullmotor—?" someone suggested. "Tha's it!" A puzzled expression lined the *paisano's* weathered face as he finished his tale. "I never see a *cochito* like that—He was so scare, he's dead!"

When we went out in a cavalcade, my cousin Justy Caire or some other boy would knife or shoot the wild hogs. One year Vivi remained at the Island with our parents into late fall and early winter. A skilled equestrienne, riding was her chief diversion. (Some years after we sold the Island, when she was vacationing at a dude ranch, a cowboy was watching her mount. He stared in open admiration. "You are one woman in a hundred who knows how to get on a horse!" he exclaimed.)

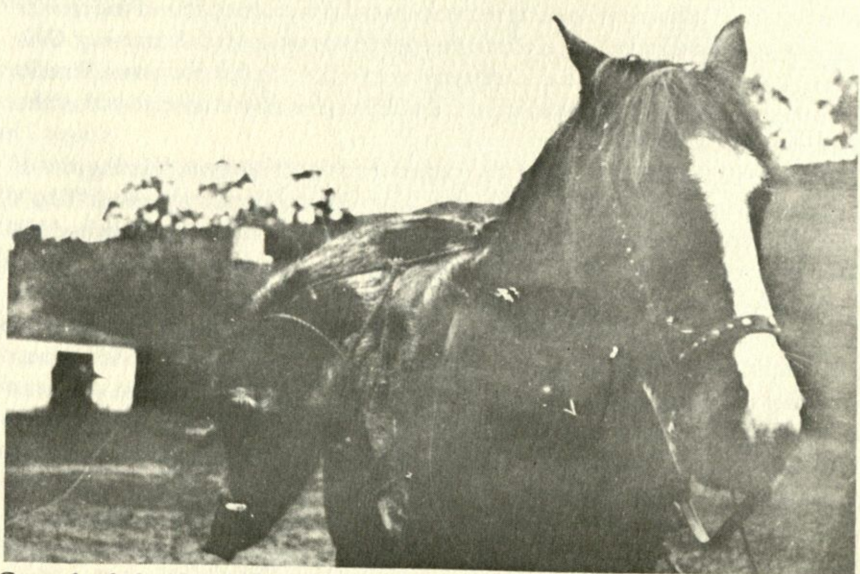
At that time there was a young dog, all-white, mostly pit bull, learning to hunt. At that season, apart from a man's going out on his own, there was no one employed to hunt wild hogs. Pal took to following Vivi on her daily rides.

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One day he got the scent of a wild hog and gave chase. Vivi reined helplessly within sight of the hog being circled by Pal. He was barking and holding the *coche* at bay, once in a while looking at her to close in with knife or gun. Knowing it would be confusing to a young dog newly trained to hunt to be called off, reluctantly she ordered, "Come on Pal! Come home!" and turned Gypsy back. The dog knew this was wrong; puzzled at first, he did not obey, but finally followed, looking up at her questioningly every once in a while. Why had she let him down?

So thereafter, not trusting her markmanship with a gun, she slipped my father's hunting knife with its long, sharp blade into its leather sheath on her belt when she rode out with Pal. The first time the white dog gave chase and barked to announce he was holding a hog, she jumped off her horse, threw the reins over Gypsy's head to the ground, and pulling the knife out of the sheath with a trembling hand, advanced toward the *coche* Pal was holding by an ear. She admitted hoping it would be a huge boar—too much for her to



Gypsy loaded with wild hog, by Harry Sheldon — Helen Caire

take on, but then Pal would hold him at bay, not tackle him. It turned out to be a rather small sow. She despatched it as swiftly as possible and mounted quickly to ride back to the Main Ranch, the dog delighted he had done his duty. One less *coche* plus future litters to ruin the harvests and Island environment, Vivi ruminated, somewhat pale under her golden tan. She got several wild hogs that season, Pal eagerly capering around her horse whenever she rode out of the Main Ranch. Though she never could get used to the kill and wondered each time how she managed it, she had been on enough hunts to know what to do. I think my father was proud of her skill and courage.

Tall Tales of Pigs

Tall tales of hunting wild hogs are endless as fish stories and just as good, each topping the other. One razor back has become a legend; he grows at every telling. By now he must rival John Bunyan's Blue Ox in size. Above the bristles on his back is an outsize growth, so he is called Old Wart. This enormous wild boar has been sighted by mariners far out in the channel, though we never could find a person who had actually seen him.

It was Captain Ira Eaton who first told us about Old Wart, tongue-in-cheek and straight-faced. Since many persons wished to see the Island, Pelican Bay was leased to him as a camp where visitors might come, and for a while he was captain of our schooner, "Santa Cruz." This lean, shrewd Yankee, whose keen blue eyes swerved everywhere as he talked, was not easily taken in by yarns. My question, "Have you ever seen him?"—he evaded so skillfully that I cannot remember his answer. As to Old Wart, he still may be roaming the Island hills and canyons.

Tony, sometimes the assistant cook, was an excellent shot. A lean *paisano* with a sallow complexion, he was a very good hunter. He told us a whopper, which we were too young to take with straight faces and innocent-cunning remarks.

It was night, and from his ambush Tony saw a wild boar loom in a clearing of Altura Facial, the hillslope north of the Main Ranch. All was quiet. Suddenly a shot rang out. The boar fell in his tracks. Another wild hog, not too far away to see his brother fall in the night, but far enough away, of course, not to have heard the shot, investigated. He sniffed the dead swine inquiringly. Again a shot rang out. The second hog fell dead. A third *coche*, curious, came up and sniffed the second. The *paisano* shot him, too. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Down went a grand total of seven wild hogs!

Tony's too-bright eyes looked at us, unblinking. We should gently have voiced some reaction as, "Why, what a bunch of curious *coches*!"—thereby letting him know we hadn't been taken in, but not letting him lose face by the clear exposure of our disbelief. We laughed and shrugged incredulously, while he insisted the story was true. Of course, wild hogs were not usually that inquisitive.

To return to suckling pig—I have never tasted any as delicious as that of the Island. The flavor is very delicate. Sometimes we decided to vary the more usual roast and served suckling pig diced in a béchamel sauce. Guests were always puzzled when they tried to guess what the meat was—not exactly

chicken, they often suggested, but something like it.—Small or medium-sized fat sows made flavorsome roasts, rather different from domestic pork, but not gamey.

If, through a strange interlude, we might have entertained some early Spanish explorers to join us at a feast of succulent roast pork from the descendants of the *coches* probably left by them centuries earlier, what a gala feast that would have been!

TWO ISLAND DOGS

By Helen Caire

Don—Died in Action

On a moonlight night in early fall the hunter set out from the Main Ranch with a dog. The grapes were ripening, so, as usual, wild hogs might have broken into the vineyards. Besides, if allowed to proliferate, they were a danger to the ecology, rooting up bulbs, eating acorns and other seeds. Further, they were a menace to ranching operations, invading fields to the ruin of crops.

After some success in the vineyard west of the Main Ranch, the hunter, followed by the dog, turned to the extensive vineyards eastward. They got a hog, Don scouting the vines, then returning to the hunter. They were almost at the end of the last vineyard. Perla was about to give up. Suddenly he heard the dog barking. He hurried toward the urgent barks—But this is starting at the end of the story.

Don had come to the Island as a very small pup, his tail not yet docked. Captain Eaton, who had brought him across the channel from Santa Barbara, decided to undertake the curtailing.

"He has almost none left! You cut it off too short!" laughed my father.

The puppy whimpered and shortly forgot the loss of part of his "wagger," but what had been left him could scarcely be called a tail at all.

In his puppyhood Don was roly-poly and playful. When he outgrew the gangling age, however, he became serious and dignified, devoted to my father, conscientious in duty, and reposeful when idle. Never morose or sullen, he seemed to have unshakable poise. A well-mannered canine, at picnics he would sniff at a proffered tidbit, and turn away uninterested.

The Island dogs were taught to hunt *coches*, but *not* sheep—sometimes hard for canine brains to understand, since the killing instinct, inherited from wild ancestors, once started, is generally impossible to curb.

Usually the dogs were taken out to hunt in pairs. They learned from experienced dogs to seize a small or medium hog by the ears, one on each side, thus preventing it from attacking them until the hunter arrived with knife or gun. More than one dog was cruelly slashed by the curved, pointed tusks, though, rarely, even killed.

Don's training began at the usual age. He soon learned that chasing sheep was taboo. It was amusing to see him occasionally sight a sheep at some dis-

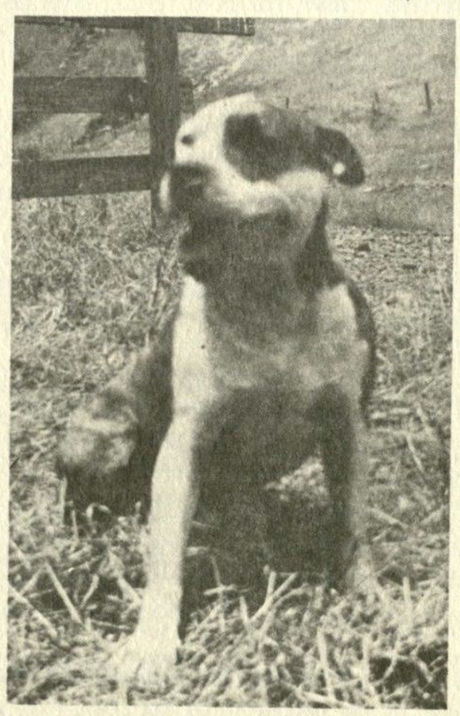
tance away, mistaking it for a wild hog, begin the chase. Suddenly, recognizing the unswinish look of the animal, he would stop in his tracks and trot back as though he had been fooled, as though someone had played a practical joke on him. Always calmly good-tempered, peacefully sure of his own worth, and honest to the core, that was Don.

With his square, jowly head and sad, somewhat bulging eyes, he looked like a huge brindled frog. His bulldog snout and chest were white. He gave the impression of bigness, heaviness, and even ferociousness at first sight, with some scars from hog tusks marring his smooth-haired coat. There was one, the largest, crescent-shaped, on his left shoulder, and a few small ones scarring his sinewy flanks and hind legs; but once you saw the friendly wag of his small stump of a tail, you were never afraid of him again.

When he was learning to hunt, at first, like most young dogs, he tried to seize the beasts by the throat. After having been ripped by a sharp tusk, he learned to be warier, not to seize the large hogs, but to circle them, barking and holding them at bay for the hunter.

Once he was on the trail of a wild hog, he never stopped. Don would tackle a hog of any size, and many boars have long tusks, but no champing of jaws of the hugest wild hog ever intimidated him. A cut only made him hotter for battle, and he would hang on with the grip of a vise, or keep barking and circling the large *coches* till the hog was downed by the hunter.

Of course, most of the time he was not wounded, but when he was, he



Don, S.C.I. Helen Caire

would limp home behind the hunter on his horse, and how good he was when his cuts were doctored! I remember one night he went out with my cousin Justy and a friend; they carried him back with a dangerous gash close to the throat. That wild hog had almost got him! We bathed his wound and poured diluted iodine into it. Don didn't have to be muzzled. We never heard him snap or growl at a person, even now when an otherwise good dog is apt to growl. Donnie only looked up at us with pain-filled eyes, knowing we wouldn't hurt him any more than we must. His trust in human nature was complete.

My father was very fond of his dog, and Donnie, of him. Don knew that he was my father's dog, though all at the ranch made much of him. Pico, the ranch cook fed him as well as all the other dogs and the cats.

On warm days when my father was in the office, Don would lie on the cool cement floor, and on an ancient rug in winter near the high stool of the desk which sloped gradually away on both sides, a "ridgepole" between both desk areas. But let a hunter appear with a *"Vamos! Coche"* and he would jump up, alert for the hunt.

Don's End

One fatal night before the vintage season when the grapes were ripening, Don went out, as usual, with Perla to guard the vineyards. At the time my father had some malaise which kept him housebound for a few days. Donnie used to lie on the veranda outside his room, resting from his nocturnal work.

It was a moonlight night. The hunter, carrying his gun, walked eastward through the last vineyard, Don at his heels, except when scouting around among the vines.

The next morning we were cultivating and watering the petunias, balsams, mignonette, roses and other plants in Grandmother's garden, when we saw Pico crossing the residence enclosure. He came slowly toward us. His brown face was serious under the white pillbox cap.

He hesitated and fumbled a bit with his apron, then reluctantly spoke: *"El perro de Don Frederico esta muerto."* A native Barbareño, Hercule Pico used to speak to us in English without an accent. But now the Spanish of his ancestors came to his tongue.

We looked at him incredulously—trowel, watering can or *secateurs* in hand. Donnie—dead—It couldn't be true! But Pico nodded unhappily, adding that it had happened in the vineyard. He waved his hand vaguely eastward and let it drop to his side.

How had it happened? Did a wild hog get Don? We did not ask aloud: "Was he shot by mistake?" If it were true, the hunter would be deeply sorry. Perla was an excellent shot—Pico shrugged his heavy shoulders helplessly. Don had started back with Perla after the *coche* was killed. All of a sudden he fell without a sound.

Pico turned and trudged back to the kitchen. He evidently had been chosen as messenger of the bad news by the men, who gathered in quiet groups near the bunkhouses after lunch before the workbell rang. Perla was

nowhere in sight. This fact was not normally surprising; working at night, he was free to catch up on sleep in the daytime.

We stood in the wrought iron fenced garden, hardly able to realize the news. No more would the faithful dog follow happily at his master's heels. No more in the hot hours of summer would he rest on the cool office floor, nor on cold winter days lie on his rug, while his master sat at the high desk over which, as light waned, the lamp, hanging on pulley chains from the ceiling, would be lighted. We couldn't tell Father now.

At last we decided to drive out to bring back Don. The old Dodge must have been in use, so Abelino hitched up dappled gray Evelina to the cart, and we drove out on the Camino del Este. Away at the end of the vineyards, not far from the last fence, we spied a huge black bulk. We halted the mare, tied the reins to a shaft and jumped out of the "sulky." We walked on the plowed earth between the green vines, heavy with ripening grapes, and stopped. It was the largest boar we had ever seen. It almost seemed the size of a small calf. The pointed ends of amazingly long tusks protruded from his ugly jaws.

Not very far away near a vine lay Don. We looked down at him. There was no sign of any cut, but as someone gently turned his head, a thin trickle of dark blood oozed out on the white chest. That was it! One of those cruel tusks had struck before Perla had fired, and the wound must have bled internally. A wild boar had got him at last, but Don had held him at bay till the hunter arrived. Savagely turning, the boar gave him a mortal wound, before being struck down. Even to the end Don's brave heart held out.

A good hunting dog was a valuable and necessary asset on the Island, so it was not only the loss of a fine pet, but of a needed one.

We brought Donnie back, and decided to make his grave under an Italian stone pine at the corner of the enclosure fence where the road entered the barnyard.*

Perla came, shovel in hand, unasked, to dig the hole. He was grief-stricken. Trembling, almost weeping, perspiration beading his forehead, he begged to know that it was not a bullet that had finished Don. We assured him that it wasn't and showed him the wound. Brokenly he told us what had happened. They had got one hog, and then went along almost to the last fence of the vineyards. Suddenly Don bounded off and started barking. Perla gave chase. He came upon the dog, barking and circling a huge boar at bay. Making sure that Don was out of range, he shot the hog. When they turned back, Don followed the hunter a short distance—then fell over. Perla examined the dog, making gestures of slashes around the neck. *"Niente!"* No cuts—Perla rubbed his sleeve over his forehead and continued digging. Perhaps it was foolish to cover a dog's grave with fragrant pink oleanders.

Gloom hung over the ranch that day,

My father thought that Don was with some of the workmen when he didn't come to lie on the veranda, but the next day he asked, "Where's Don? I

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*The pine tree fell. A marker to Don now is attached to a pepper tree near his grave.

haven't seen him all day—nor yesterday."

We had to tell him. He said little, but when he was up, he came to see the "grave." "Good old Don—Well, that's it, I guess." He turned and went back into the house.

I asked Cuate, a vaquero who had been at the Island for decades, to get me the lower tusks. There were two methods of getting them out, a difficult task, as they are embedded deep in the jawbone: digging them out with a chisel or burying the head till it partly disingetrated and the tusks loosened.

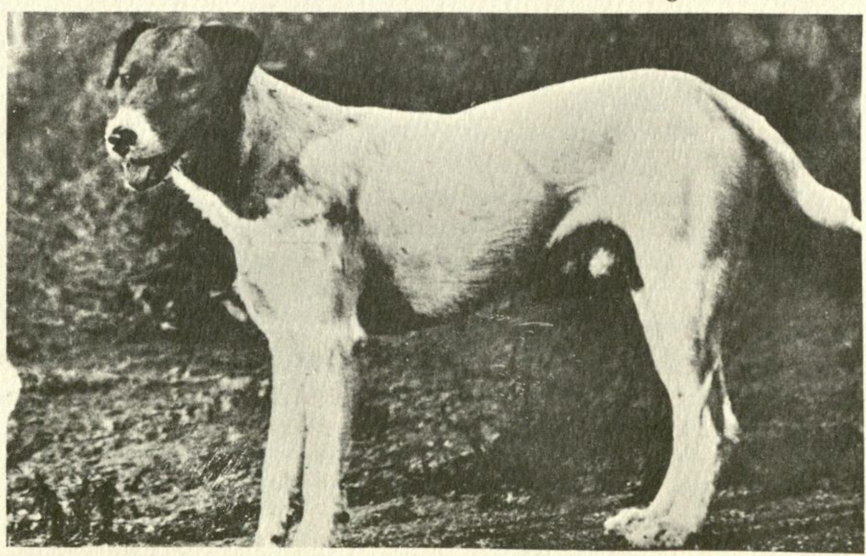
Toward the end of our stay at the Island, Cuate brought me the tusks—-the longest anyone had ever seen. Very large pairs of Island hog tusks make a circle when placed together, points up. But these overlap a circle by almost a quarter length. It took a monstrous old tusker to finish off Don.

Where the road from Prisoners' Harbor turns into the barnyard, to a low branch of the pine we hung a wooden board. In the smithy we had burned the letters: DON–WHO DIED IN ACTION.

Jerry Flynn—Ace Hunting Dog

Jerry was a dog with a surname. He was simply dubbed Jerry, but the foreman called him Jerry Fleen, so Jerry Flynn he became. He was such an active dog that he always remained thin; though the cook was over-generous in feeding the dogs, Jerry always had a lean, ribby look. The foreman with his soft Italian accent often greeted him with, "Ay, Jerry Fleen, Jerry Fleen, you skeeny dog!"

Jerry came to the Island when he was about eight months old. He was a long, smooth-haired dog—all white except his head which was a rusty tan. There was an Oriental slant to his amber eyes. His bark, a deep, loud *ah-woo, woo, woo,* was very heartening to hear. A sailor told us that he was an Australian staghound. We thought he was as much Australian staghound as he was



Jerry Flynn, S.C.I. Helen Caire

dogfish, but perhaps he had a dash of staghound in his background. Probably he was of mixed breed. Whatever it was, it certainly produced a fine dog.

Jerry was a sociable dog and enjoyed the presence of human beings. But he was essentially a hunting dog. He would unceremoniously leave our company for a man with a gun. He was one of the best hunting dogs the Island has ever seen.

He had terrific joy in the hunt. He would pick up a scent, run about tracing it and then be off like a flash after his prey. Soon his deep *ah-woo, woo, woo,* would be echoing over the ridges. He would stay with the hog till the hunter arrived.

For several months Harry Sheldon, a well-known naturalist, was camping at the Island making a study of birds and mammals. He was exceedingly fond of hunting. As it was a season when the workmen were very busy and there was no need yet for a hunter in the vineyards, Jerry Flynn was lent to him. The number of hogs they eliminated made a record. The wild hogs were exceptionally plentiful that year. If there was one anywhere in his vicinity, Jerry found it. The ranch was almost over-supplied with pork. Young wild hogs, and especially sucklings, are excellent eating.

Once on a hunting trip, Jerry got too close to the hog as the man fired. That time he lost a toe of a fore-paw. For several days we bathed, disinfected and dressed his wound. His big bandage gave him a gouty look. When he began to run about again, he was rather lame, but soon the lameness wore off. We feared, however, that he might have lost his zest for the hunt, even becoming gun-shy. Quite the contrary, his hunting spirit seemed to have become keener. Perhaps he wanted to avenge the loss of his toe!

On one hunting bout, he received a dangerously long and deep gash at the neck. From this he recovered, too. Cured, he again set out, eager for the chase.

Jerry Flynn made a fine record in his short, brave life. His clarion, *ah-woo, woo, woo,* was too soon silenced. One morning he was found dead; no one ever knew the cause. So it was never again "Ay, Jerry Fleen, Jerry Fleen, you skeeny dog!" Though we don't believe in dog cemeteries, he was deemed worthy to be buried under the younger pine tree with Donnie.

HOPE RANCH PHENOMENA

By Stella Haverland Rouse

In addition to a natural lake which Hope Ranch developers capitalized on to use for water storage and as a scenic attraction, three natural phenomena drew attention; Laguna Blanca is the only feature very clearly visible today.

The Hope Ranch Volcano

The first phenomenon noted was a volcano, whose smoke may have helped verify the seaman's approach to Santa Barbara in the early days if he was sailing downcoast. It was reported by Pedro Fages, governor of Alta and

Baja California from July, 1772 to April, 1791, according to Richard S. Whitehead in *Noticias,* Vol. 22, No. 2, Summer, 1976. Fages in 1784 wrote to Commanding General Felipe de Neve that in Santa Barbara at the edge of the shore, halfway from Santa Barbara to Mescaltitlan (the Goleta estero area) there was an active volcano. A thin smoke-like sulphur vapor came from it, and when the tide came in and washed over the stones in the opening, the water "seethed," because the stones were hot.

Another letter from Fages to the Commanding General in July, 1875, stated that the ground in that vicinity was so hot that nobody could approach it. There was dense smoke from more than thirty places. The air was filled with the stench of sulphur. There was soil on top of the burning deposit, and as the layer underneath tumbled, the cliff gave way. Cinders sometimes piled up on the beach. These reports two or three years after the Santa Barbara Presidio was founded, gave a clue regarding the location of the *"solfatara,"* but the spot was miscalculated in later times until Clifton F. Smith of the Museum of Natural History pointed it out in the 20th century. Today the site may be identified as near the present Sea Ledge Lane.

A volcano on the Rincon near Carpinteria received more frequent notice, because stagecoaches passed the site and drivers reported activities there. Tourists made excursions to it in the 1800s and newspapers sometimes published stories about it. There seems to be only one 19th century account of the Hope Ranch phenomenon, in the *Weekly Independent,* August 24, 1889:

> About half a mile above the mouth of the Arroyo Burro, which has its outlet in the sea, on the Hope Ranch, may be seen a natural phenomenon of far more than usual interest. The bluff overhanging the ocean is about 200 feet high and is made up of decomposed limestone and asphaltum, out of which comes coal oil in considerable quantities.
>
> From appearances there have been very recently violent internal disturbances, as the face of the bluff has several large fissures running from the water's edge to the top of the cliff and large bodies of rock have slid down the side of the bluff. About a quarter of an acre of this formation is on fire, smoking in various places, and having the appearance of an immense coal pit.
>
> The writer, in company with some friends, Sunday, visited the place. By inquiry we found the place had been on fire for several weeks, and at times, especially by night, presents a very interesting sight, as it appears like one vast bed of live coals. Whether the fire was caused by someone setting fire to the driftwood and thus transmitting it to the shale we of course cannot decide. But this theory is not so probable as that of internal fires eating, by slow progress, their way to the surface or spontaneous combustion.
>
> We incline to the belief in the internal fires. There are several reasons for this conclusion, among them this—the fire seemed to be more intense below than at the surface of the earth. One of the

> party climbed some distance up the hill and after digging where there was no appearance of fire, found the ground smoking hot, and from the vent thus opened both smoke and heat began to escape.
>
> The face of the bluff on both sides shows oil oozing out between the loose soil and rocks. We believe it probable that if a well was bored in this vicinity, oil in large paving quantities would be struck, as the great oil spring which supplies the channel at times with floating oil, has its outlet almost directly in front of this place.
>
> It seems strange that among so many enterprising citizens of this city some effort has not been made to tap this wonderful supply from Nature's bountiful hand. The time will come, and it is not far away, when right here in our midst we shall see the greatest oil excitement of the age. The men who get in first will be the lucky ones. It is safer and more sure of results to invest in this enterprise than take chances in the Louisiana Lottery where so many millions are chanced each month.

Richard Whitehead reported in his *Noticias* story that Oren Sexton, manager of La Cumbre Mutual Water Company, explained the disappearance of the volcano: Up until about 1920 the fires in the *solfatara's* area sent off smoke offensive to Hope Ranch residents; the eruptions also attracted excessive numbers of visitors and there was danger of the fires causing extensive grass fires. Hope Ranchers had a pipeline laid to the site, and graded a levee to impound the water directed there. After several weeks the water percolated deep enough into the earth to put out the underground fires.

The Limestone Quarry

The next phenomenon brought to the colonists' attention was the limestone quarry at Hope Ranch, indicated in the name of the ranch, "*La Positas y La Calera,*" "Little Springs and Lime Quarry." The Mission padres were apprised of its qualities and erected a stone kiln to prepare the material for use as cement in the Mission. They may have used the limestone in the aqueduct from Mission Canyon, for a mason who had visited there years later said that the cement in the conduit was very hard.

A story in the *Morning Press,* August 30, 1900, stated that some prospective investors who were studying the lime ledge near the mouth of the Arroyo Burro had received a chemical test report from the American Sugar Company at Oxnard:

> The stone is 99.43 per cent pure carbonate of calcium, and capable of producing the finest of plasters.
>
> . . . From the identical quarry the Franciscan friars over 100 years ago obtained their lime and cement to build the old Mission of Santa Barbara. The fame of the excellent plaster soon spread, and when the Santa Ines Mission was founded these quarries were again taxed to furnish the material. Kilns were erected, whose ruins are still to be seen, and the crude stone, converted in-

to quick-lime, was carried over the mountains on the backs of Mission Indians, to establish another temple on the wild banks of the Santa Ynez, where a little band of pious monks could continue the promulgating of their sacred trust. . . .

In Harold F. Chase's book, *Hope Ranch,* there is a picture of the kiln, located on Las Palmas Drive, which was in ruins years ago.

The Morning Press story stated further that some of the houses around Santa Barbara were constructed of the same material. One of them had stood on the corner of State and Ortega Street. Its walls were very difficult to demolish when the structure was torn down for another building.

On May 12, 1869, the *Santa Barbara Post* published a story about a local building contractor, Cyrus Marshall, and his use of the material:

> Last Saturday we accepted an invitation to visit the limestone quarry used by Mr. Marshall, situated on the ranch of Mr. Hope, about three miles from town. Mr. Marshall discovered the quarry several years ago, since which time he has demonstrated to his satisfaction that the rock was susceptible of being converted to a superior quality of lime for plastering and building purposes, and is now being used by him in preference to all others. This lime is said to possess the quality of "hardening" in water to a degree that makes it impervious. It is contended by those who have used this lime that it is as valuable for cementing cisterns and aqueducts as the best cement.
>
> It is slow to slack, but when time be given, it resolves itself into an impalpable dust. The only objection to it is, that it does not possess that snowy whiteness found in other limes, and consequently is not used for the first and second coats in plastering, for which, however, a superiority is claimed. The kiln has a capacity of 350 barrels, and requires from six to seven days to burn it. The quarry is said to be inexhaustible, therefor Mr. Marshall has one good thing for life.

There is no record of how long Marshall secured this material for his reliable contracting business, but a few years later he moved to the San Marcos Pass, where he operated a fruit ranch.

After the Yankees came and shipping conditions improved, lime was neglected for building with lumber. The fifteenth report of the state Minerologist, 1915-1916, in *The Mines and Mineral Resources of California* stated the product was crystalline "and of a yellowish color, and of no commercial value."

The widow of Thomas Hope sold the land on which the quarry was located to the Pacific Improvement Company in 1887, for a proposed big hotel and residential subdivision. From time to time this company and successors announced plans for utilizing this natural resource. The *Weekly Press,* January 9, 1902, stated that the Pacific Improvement Company, which was planning a road system at that time, would "macadamize all of the roads to be built, and for this purpose a limestone ledge located on the site will be utilized."

At various times there were other schemes to use the quarry's deposits. In

July, 1906, the *Morning Press* announced that extensive cement works were to be established there. A company was interested in purchasing about 250 acres of land on which the "cement works" were located from owner Thomas W. More, but these plans did not materialize, apparently. The *Press* article stated that "the deposit of both lime rock and clay, the two materials entering into the manufacture of cement are very extensive on this property," and the company anticipated turning out "not less than 5,000 barrels of cement per day." Price of the property was estimated at $75,000 to $100,000.

Mineral Springs

At the time of the proposed sale of the lime quarry in 1906, Thomas W. More was also the owner of Veronica Springs, whose history went back to Indian days, with some legends and factual stories regarding its medicinal properties. The *Daily Independent,* September 30, 1915, said that *Tsuidui,* the daughter of an Indian chief, Saliaputa, furnished some water to a white man who recuperated rapidly from his ailments. A very healthy Indian tribe had used its healing waters for sustained good health. The Mission padres used the laxative, and it was said that in the early days, sailing ships took hogsheads of it to sea with them.

While some accounts state that in 1870 a man who had married one of the daughters of an early Californian tried to commercialize the waters, and mineral springs products were used by many persons in those days, sales were not very brisk. About ten years later, the wells were developed somewhat. A man named Henry Clifton exhibited the bottled water at the Santa Barbara fair in 1892.

A few years later, F.H. Kimball and J.H. Thomas were proprietors of the Veronica Springs Water Company. They publicized both the water's healing properties (it cured almost anything!), and the attractions of Santa Barbara. A 1913 advertisement said that the company would put a case of Veronica Springs water in local homes free of charge. After the recipients discovered the fine qualities of the liquid, they could pay for the goods received. Testimonials from "leading doctors, ministers and educators" in local newspapers regarding the water's healing characteristics enticed prospective customers.

There were five mineral springs on the west side of Veronica Valley, one-half mile north of the ocean. The product was an "alkali saline water of purgative qualities and of unusual strength." The main spring was "housed in a bottomless concrete tank, 180 feet above the floor of the valley." The water was piped to storage tanks, then taken in a 50-barrel tank wagon to the bottling plant in Santa Barbara, where 1,200 gallons were sterilized and bottled daily by 10 men. Two men worked at Veronica Springs, according to the report in *The Mines and Mineral Resources of California,* covering the period about 1915.

At one time the company conducted an art contest for a suitable label for the product, to incorporate the Old Mission or Saint Barbara. A label used by the company revealed a kneeling padre with a bowl of water in front of the Mission. The product was acclaimed "health's missionary," which has "done

more good for the human race than all the drugs ever compounded." Santa Barbara benefitted from the company's widespread advertising of the product, for it also sent out a pamphlet describing the region's history and charms.

After the potion was "awarded a diploma for being the world's most valuable medicinal spring mineral water," at the Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco in October, 1913, sales of the product increased considerably. President Kimball announced that the A. Goux Company which handled the Veronica agency here had "sent out 234 cases within the last 35 days," whereas previously 25 cases a year were the extent of his sales. The owners opened distributing offices in San Francisco. It was reported during August, 1915, that more than 14 carloads of water were shipped for distribution among large wholesalers in Cleveland, Detroit, Omaha, New York, Cincinnati, Portland, Chicago, Columbus, Philadelphia, Boston and Memphis. About that time World War I was forcing druggists to turn to American suppliers for many of the remedies formerly compounded or shipped from European countries.

The National Wholesale Druggists' Association was invited by Mr. Kimball to hold its convention here in September, 1915. After several days of routine business, the delegates and their wives were invited to visit the Veronica Springs plant in a canyon off Las Positas Road. They wandered about the park-like grounds, from the office of the bottling company to the "main spring," surrounded by a tank-like tower structure, and other buildings. They discussed the possibilities for a "great hotel, a sanitarium and a pleasure resort as well."

The guests were treated to a Spanish-type barbecue, "served under the grand old oaks of Veronica Valley." This was a novelty to many of the easterners in the party.

In 1918 prospective sale for $1,000,000 of this tract and plans for a great spa were reported, but like many other "schemes" here, that one never developed. The company lingered on for a time. In 1959 negotiations for a subdivision of the tract off Las Positas Road were begun.

There were other springs in the vicinity, described in the fifteenth report of the State Minerologist, 1915-1916. The owner of Bythenia Springs was J.M. McNulty. Water rights of those springs about one-half mile northwest of Veronica Springs were leased to the Santa Barbara Mineral Water Company, San Francisco. The water was shipped north in barrels, where it was bottled and sold for medicinal purposes.

In the Veronica Valley was More Spring, opposite Veronica. There "a large spring flows out of soft clay below a limestone ledge." S.C. and R.F. Pinkham owned Pinkham's Santa Barbara Mineral Springs. Five springs seeped from soft clay "on the Hope Ranch overlooking Veronica Valley." About 1500 gallons a year were bottled at a small bottling plant.

Laguna Blanca Lake

Hope Ranch was a local attraction when the town's residents went there in *carretas* to picnic. It was a favorite spot for outings when the first Anglos began settling here. With horse and buggy transportation, it afforded a mod-

erate travel distance to a "wild spot" for a day's outing. The size of the lake varied according to seasonal rainfall. It was fed by an artesian well, and if the water table was low, it could be reduced to a swamp.

The body of water had various names. A *News-Press* story August 23, 1964, said that the Indians called it a "Lake without a Mouth." Sometimes it was Hope Lake, after landowner Thomas Hope. Once when an Eastern politician was visiting here and was entertained at the site, Santa Barbarans called it Lake Fenton in his honor, but the name did not endure. The mellifluous Laguna Blanca (white, light-colored) seems much more appropriate.

In the late 19th century after the purchase of Hope Ranch by the Pacific Improvement Company, water rights were secured in San Roque Canyon and a horizontal tunnel was drilled into the mountainside. Water piped to Hope Ranch was stored in Laguna Blanca as a reservoir, and the lake grew considerably. The *Weekly Press* described the improvement January 9, 1902:

> There is an attractive natural Lake, Laguna Blanca, on Hope Ranch. If the lake were filled with water, it would contain about 200,000,000 gallons and cover 57 acres. The distance around it is more than 6,000 feet, or over a mile, and the elevation of the bottom of the lake is 138 feet above sea level. The supply of water for the future suburb will come from a tunnel in the Santa Ynez Mountains, several miles distant. The tunnel and Laguna Blanca have been connected by a large pipeline, and the work now in hand is the construction of an outlet for the lake. By this means the overflow from the lake will be utilized for the irrigation of about 300 acres of the Hope Ranch, and a large acreage in the Goleta Valley besides.
>
> In addition to this supply there will be a reservoir at an elevation of nearly 400 feet, and with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons. From this point every portion of the ranch can be reached with the distributing pipe system. The main water system will be completed by April 1.
>
> The lake will be made the chief attraction of the resort, next to the beach. A broad drive will encircle it, and other drives will lead from it to various parts of the ranch, and to the cliff . . .

Wells now supply much of Hope Ranch water. Laguna Blanca affords storage. In 1976 grading equipment reshaped it when it was very low, according to a story October 6, 1976. Many homes now overlook the lake, and players on the golf course of La Cumbre Country Club enjoy the view, and face its hazards.